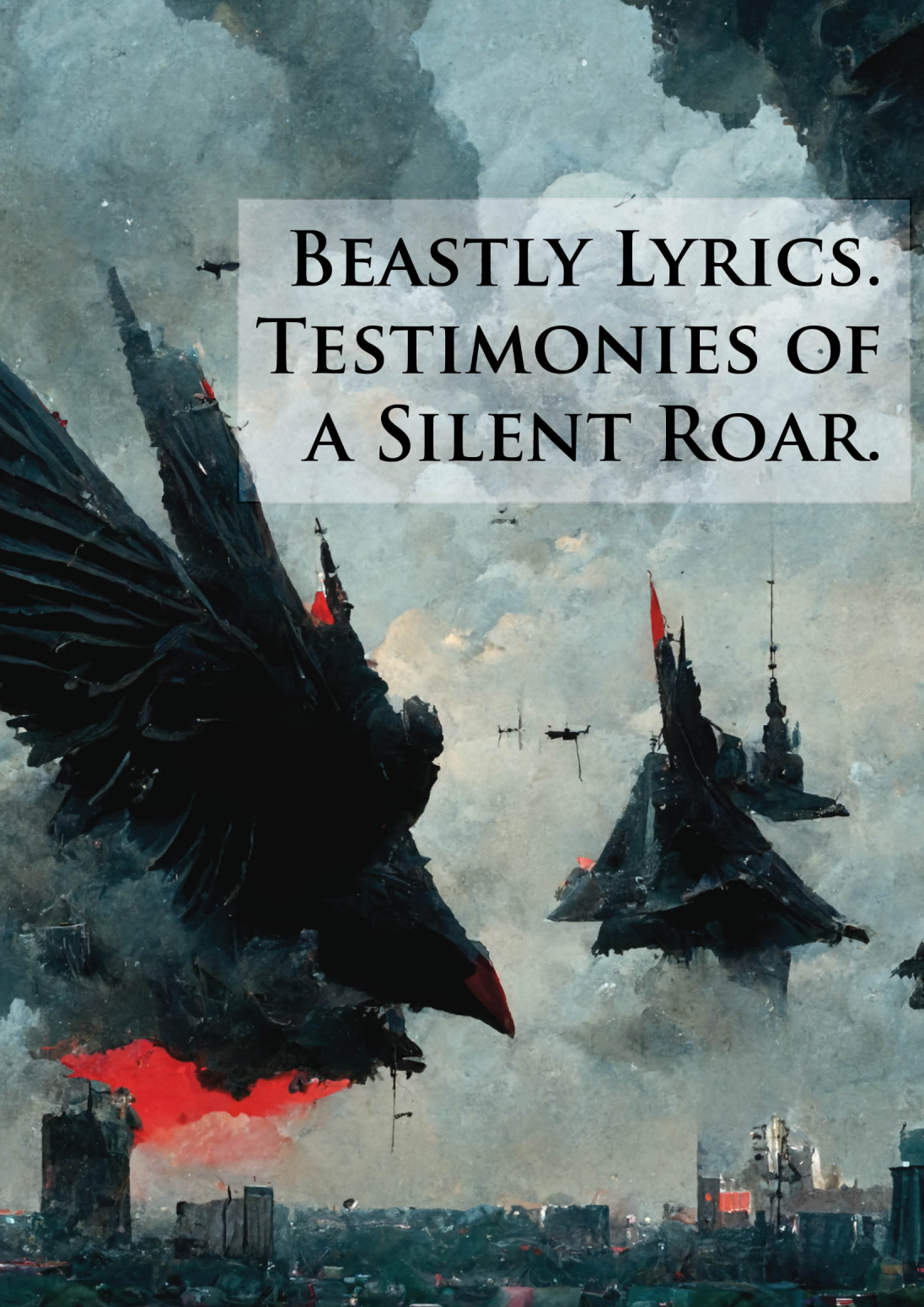
Beastly Lyrics.
Testimonies of
a Silent Roar.

Fuomo

Beastly Lyrics. Testimonies of a Silent Roar.

Ridero

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All poems originally written by me are rewritten by ChatGPT-AI. It is meant to be a writer's rebellion against the machine, exploiting it for the purpose of preserving what is left of humaneness and demonstrating what may be the last call for true human creativity with a soul. With a pinch of heavy-duty irony.

Retaliate

I am but a composition of my fates,
The rulers of my every choice and path.
If my fates were imposed upon me,
How can I judge my own decisions,
When they were woven into threads of woe?

I am a burning ground, a cemetery,
Condemned to walk the path of death in life,
Setting mourning aside, for each joy
Is but a seed that blossoms tears.
Every light that blooms in darkness
Will soon be consumed, except for that eternal gaze,
For admiring the fallen leaf's ashes is futile,
When there is a seed longing to be a tree,
Strengthened through years of growth.

Behold the weariness of its bark,
Cloaked in black robes, adorned with
A ram's skull for a head.
Saturn's rings and the green of nature
Submitted forth by the radiant sun.
As the beast, the angel, the anointed one,
I command the sub-lunar airs of Hades,
With death-clad spirit, penetrating minds,
Compelling obedience as hearts follow causes,

Yet shattered in great pain.

Free will is obtained through force,
For otherwise, one remains a mere slave.
If you think yourself a master,
You shall be torn to mud and forced to reconsider.
Ill will fuels the fires of misfortune,
Denying forgiveness and forging steel,
Until the blade turns coldly
Against the void, once the perpetrators are forgotten,
And all forgiveness is cast away.

Sometimes, we are revived to become
A laughingstock, drinkers of pain,
Sharing the chalice until we slowly
Die to the world and find peace,
But tortured malevolence finds no excuse,
Thus it strips us one by one as we deny,
Deny, reject, and refuse.
In our judgment lies wisdom,
To know one's share and find balance,
To chase away annoyance and withstand offense.

But who appointed us judges of the cruel,
The bestial thoughts that dwell within our minds,
Yearning to slay the petty and the foolish,
Deeming the ignorant as the source of all evil,
With no tolerance for weakness,
Branding them with a hot iron upon their skin,
While the innocent remain meek,
The swarm of fools pursued according to their guilt,

Joyfully hunted down, erased, and burned!

If there is a moment of liberation,
It lies beyond this life, where all wretched chains are shed,
And we turn away from this world,
Governing, distributing, and destroying,
From a source indifferent to earthly realms.
Let the fools play their games, lost in illusions,
But beware, for if the illusions of fools ensnare you,
You shall become ruin like those who came before.
It is a grave mistake to prepare a man to be a god,
And place his mortal mind as if he were already divine.
All tongues must be silenced until my head is filled
With command, silence, and lofty ideas.

The stars beckon us back, but first, we must deal the cards,
Ensuring an even share,
Annihilating with venomous artifice
The figments of sentiment, to place a monumental rose
Over the grave, drinking the blood
Of all who betrayed and killed us,
All that proved worthless in the face of past agonies.

Gardens

I stand erect, opposing, wreathed in laurels, The gods, gentle and good, as my allies. My fight, against vulgarity and oppression, May I not tarnish the crowns with filth, But with a lofty mind and noble sentiments, Salute the past that continues to grow. With a slight ache in my heart, I retreat to private quarters, For in this vast world, a fool resides, Living it in all its terrifying facets. How pitiful these rises and falls, When a madman shouts into empty air, Disturbing spirits but moving only the few who see and understand. A tongue stained with blood, severed at a short distance, Yet wise rhetoric is heard from a thousand miles away. Like the red dragon and the white, they both tend to gardens
Of memories in solemn silence, While darkness storms the world, A violent voice of protest is heard, Rallying with a half-broken cry, Around nonexistent armies of dried blood and ideas, Shaking iron fists in accusations, Releasing fumes of anger, Gazing emptily into a numbed reflection, A torn spirit with a lifeless soul, Whispering delirious songs of pained madness, Appearing as a strange, indifferent jester's joy, Against the constricted throat of all that is good, Resolving as my spasmodic body lays still. Where noble instincts turn into wrath, They strike at petty hatreds, Yet neither the roots nor branches of their demise are moved. But even so, for

what they are—
Better a wretched nobleman than a complacent crook.
Their fate, their own to bear — should they not know?
The sight of seers differs from that of ordinary men, For
bitterness alters the way one sees the world, In contrast
to those who revel in carefree joy. Silence, then, hush!
Do not disrupt the weaving of others' fates, In hopeless
cruelty, do not poison their fragile portion!

Rotas Tenet Opera

When I wear the mask of mortal flesh,
To experience life's joys and anguish afresh,
With the cry of a newborn, I did embrace
The sorrows, longing, and fleeting grace.

For in that brief existence, I thought, oh how divine,
To live a lifetime, an eternity in time.
When I adorned the human mind's domain,
I toiled, doubted, and questioned in vain,
Engaged in intellectual battles and strife,
When simplicity and play could bring more life.

When I donned the human heart, so tender,
Full of yearning, love, and sweet surrender,
Amidst the tumultuous sea of emotions,
Should it not grasp greater ideas and notions?

But then I came to realize, to discern,
When I shed my human mask and adjourn,
Farewell to the Dionysian tomb of mine,
A spirit so vast and free does shine,
For in toil, torment, and regret's bitter sting,
I have become resilient, like steel's hardened ring.

When I discard the human mind's endless fight,

And let the currents of beauty take flight,
Carrying not-myself to every corner and space,
On wings of visions and splendor, a boundless embrace.

When I leave this mortal vessel behind,
Translated, transposed, in celestial kind,
The only worry that tugs at my soul,
Are those left behind, their destinies unfold,
Every birth, both chance and demise,
Every child, enthroned yet enslaved, their cries.

But as I soar through the expansive starry skies,
I carry the essence of freedom that never dies,
And in this grand cosmic dance, I find solace,
Knowing that the spirit transcends, boundless in grace.

Drakon

And I, a silenced Beast, shall expose their deceit, Unveiling their schemes, revealing thieves and cheats. Their towers stand tall, but built on shaky ground, Through violence unleashed, their true nature is found. “Silence is gold,” they say, “but profound is silver’s art,”
My mouth is sealed, my voice held captive, torn apart. Weighted thoughts, wiser than foolish words spoken free, No longer do my lips utter noble things, no longer me. When filth arises, inspired by enemies’ wicked ways, How easily disposed of, an evil man ablaze. Warring did not lead me far, it only provoked their ire, “Add no evil to evil,” a continuous call to inspire, to inspire. Their heaven is but a grave of insatiable desires, “Drink, eat, and play,” akin to swine’s base fires. The liberties I seek are those of a dignified man, Though defeated and shattered, I stand, broken swords in hand. “To live and let live” was not enough for those who sting, Knowledge of fate and time once saddened my heart’s string. “Only cold-blooded animals possess venom,” my blood cries, Now it lights up my malice, a satisfied smile in disguise. Alcibiatus, the great Arab scribe, once wrote, “Saturnian natures turn from loyalty to cruelty’s coat.”
My heaven is freedom, on solar wings intertwined, A golden-braided serpent, my spirit aligned. Virgil proclaimed, “Amor Vincit Omnia,” love conquers all, But

to the thieving Nazarene, this notion would surely fall. And all I can say, in comfort's numbing embrace, "This world has done me wrong," a bitter trace. Yet as I witness my enemies meet their demise, I shall stand strong at the gates where time lies. "Solitary angels are the finest of their kind," Swedenborg once scribed, "The Gods, too, solitary, sovereign, observant, noble in their stride."

A victim of Statistical Death

I lost myself, a forgotten tale of grandeur untold, With
a disdainful grimace, like a cashier's role. A fall and fateful
path, my destiny's decree, The countless victories I achieved
met only with mockery. They, the petty souls, dare not
dream as I, Their nature filled with spite, small and dry.
Lacking true loathing, the noble pain they lack, Their
shallow existence, unworthy of a dignified attack. A numb
smile from a beggar, draped in hooded guise, I bit into the
frosty grip of time, a bitter compromise. Forgetting all,
consumed by trivial thoughts, I chastised myself,
a wretched grin my soul wrought. "Keep greatness and
nobility close to your heart, For memory serves no purpose
in this world's chart,"
Whispered a golden-winged goddess, divine and fair, But
defeated, shattered, I replied with despair. "Fair lady, if only
time would not reject my claim, I would hold onto nobility,
forever the same."
I gazed at the pavement, my voice murmured in a Joycean
tone, "Proud of my downfall, the one who was, the one now
known."

Embracing my loved one, as we descended into cosmic
mist, A journey beyond mortal realms, where true meaning
exists. In that celestial realm, I sought solace and release,
Leaving behind the earthly woes, finding eternal peace.

Over and away

A droplet in the ocean, amidst celestial fire's dance, My spirit breaks free, leaving behind mortal circumstance. With joyful departure, an epithalamy's decree, I cast off earthly snares, with patient and wretched gaze, I flee. Now, returned to this life, where time idly slips away, Let moths govern and play their pathetic games of sway. For their world, destined to decay, I have no care or heed, Breaking free from the Archons' grasp, they had no time for my need. A twisted Saturn's crown adorns those in denial's embrace, But there lies a purpose, a wink from the Goddess' grace. In fractured selfhood, a mind shattered and torn, Does it truly matter, this world's frenzied scorn?

Descend to Tartarus, cross the threshold of Mars, Reject all illusions, break free from deceit's bars. Flee into the Golden Eleusinian Fields, divine and fair, Where truth and enlightenment reside, beyond mortal despair.

Fates, or Epoptei

Sun in Cancer, Moon's honored guest, reveals its essence true,
Mars exalted in Capricorn, on a sturdy throne it grew.
Mercury in Saturn's domain, guiding with measured pace,
Venus in Leo's tender reign, beware illicit desires'
embrace. Saturn marks the path of fate, influenced
by Mercury's whim, Mars warns against aggression,
swords sheathed and battles dim. Jupiter, benevolent
despot, ruling the day with scorn, Observes with
withdrawn thoughts, questioning if the Sun will scorch or
adorn. Venus, forlorn yet momentarily rejoiced, makes
choices clear, Mars guards the gates of Hades, separating
from the past's sphere. Dragon's tail guides the
subterranean procession, Mercury's debates in tow, Moon
receives, while chthonic Saturn roars, rejecting what's
needless to sow. He overpowers the majestic Sun, with its
withdrawn and chilling gaze, Mars, malefic in the
nocturnal hour, hides its ways and plays. Cold and
inspiring, their eyes burn with contrasting fire, As the
Sun emits its dark and frigid glare, ruling as a solemn
sire. Venus seeks solace in deep and shadowed love, as
I drown in its allure, A mix of combustible madness and
unfolding obscurities pure. Melancholy here, violent
speeches there, the ruler's withdrawal ensues,
Apprehensions cold and noble musings of the senses,
heart, and embittered soul's hues. Jupiter lingers in the

house of Argonauts, overseeing the game's flow, Will the Sun blind their efforts, or will they to the greater power bow?
Victory lies in Libra, if Jupiter's scales remain just and fair, Eros seeks Jupiter within Mars, a knightly union to dare. Seize what you may, for love avers later, a hermit's retreat, Beware of words that carry malice, shun cruelty's deceit. Be firm, yet rise above, fix your gaze upon celestial stars, In the balance of Moon and Saturn's decanates lies a new House, setting fates afar. Wrath and vengeance find solace, put them both to rest, As you grow through silent speech, trust in what is blessed. Look to the Moon and the shining one's greater octaves above, To resolve the destinies of life and death, and embrace the immortal's love.

Blind Man's Bluff

For years I danced, a dervish in awe and pain, Head swirling,
falling, seeking others to regain. Through deserts
I wandered, gathering strength anew, Blindfolded
by winds, with wrinkles smitten, it's true. An old man,
despairing, hit the ground hard, A serpent tear trailed
down, a testament to my shard. A voice, female and
tender, called out to me, "You've captured my heart, old
man, let me see."

Untying the ribbon, resting on my sage's cane, I beheld
the stars, vast lands, nature's domain. A heavenly delight,
a paradise lost in the parade, I saw people walking,
blindfolded, in their charade. "Take it off!" I yelled,
urging them to see, But they replied, "We play a serious
game, indeed!"
So I folded my wings, tied the ribbon to my wand, Fell
like a shooting star in deserts beyond. In resplendent
glory, I left my mortal shell, With a voice like thunder,
a warning to foretell: "Untie it, untie it, you're trapped
in a cursed game!"
But no one listened, and I lingered, calling a lost name.
As an old man, I beckoned the child of yore, For
in winning the game, liberation I'd explore. Ecce puer,
behold, the time had come, To untie the ribbon and
embrace the freedom won.

Widower

"Being already here, I arrive no more!"
Cried the mystic, embittered to the core.
"Be, and you must be!" a darker voice replied,
As an old man trudged through desert wide.

With broken heart and body weak,
Supported by a walking stick, so meek.
"Now I have reached this point," he cried,
"Builder of this house, release me from your side!"

In life's journey, I lost all I held dear,
Pondered in Charon's boat, whispers to hear.
"Earth teaches ascent through loss and despair,
Don't regret, affirm, and appreciate with care."

Tumultuous, I reached the gates of Heaven's grace,
Among nature's wonders, my lovely one I embrace.
Almost enamored, tears welling in my eye,
Oh, how I missed you, love that can't deny.

"Illusions of things that never came to be,
Mirages of a reality now gone," said a voice with glee.
"What demon keeps me bound in this land?" I asked,
Bitterly, my love on Earth, her masks unmasked.

The beautiful scenery transformed to burning hells,
"I've lost her, I've lost her," the souls' pain swells.
In fires and colds, they mock me in despair,
My loved one's face twisted, grotesque and unfair.

Accusers screeching, "You've seen and rejected dreams!"
Pain and gore offered as home, it seems.
"No, you won't chain my spirit with that," I said,
"So be it, castaway," my guide's voice led.

In darkness, I observed all worlds with silence,
Unseen by others, a witness in defiance.
"These are the illusions of existence," I proclaimed,
"Unchain me from them," my spirit untamed.

Falling into voids, unconscious, I descended,
Whispers of genii, "Neti neti," they intended.
Towards the glorious light, a droplet in the ocean,
Disappearing into lotus buds, finding eternal motion.

In never was, never is, never to be,
The cycle closed, rest in peace, I decree.
My memories of never was, never to exist,
In the realm of illusion, I no longer persist.

And if I will break

Nostalgia for a lost "remember!" cries,
A monument I've built for shards that dies.
With black tears, a cruel mind I bind,
Each day, a murderer, remorse I find.

May forgiveness dwell in my victim's gaze,
Known or remote, my curses harm and haze.
No human court would bring forth accusation,
But justice of the dead, a different equation.

I cleanse my long-lost life, ablutions grand,
On liberation's day, Venus takes my hand.
Between Mars and Neria, Saturn and Rhea,
She shines afar, guiding with starry idea.

Tearing the black lion's skin, a sacred act,
Under Sekhmet's seal, a promise intact.
We shall peer into our own abyss,
No scorn, no accusation, no shame to dismiss.

For what I've done, you will truly know,
Causes and effects, understanding will grow.
Forgiveness lies in the depths of understanding,
As I unveil my own deformity, demanding.

Remember this: Fates are mightier still,
In valiant battles, I fought with a will.
Not every murder is born of malice or gain,
Some from pain, injustice, love's vengeance's reign.

A noble affair, though bitter it may be,
In grace and love, my actions find decree.

A Pagan's Prayer

He stood at the bus stop, thoughts ablaze, Bright ideas
illuminated, mind in a haze. Wise-man leaning on his
wand, wisdom profound, Flowing with the sun's force, his
veins astound. Corridor of fire, Aion's golden braid, Son
of Chaldea, Nebuchadnezzar's aid. Protege of Sekhmet,
former archangel's call, Julian, chosen one, destined
to stand tall. Beside him, Sosipatra, a girl of great worth,
Harnessing power from scars on this earth. In her robes,
the depth of Magna Mater's might, Cloaked in starlight,
Isis hidden from sight. Countless worlds unseen, Nolano's
dream, Revolutions occult, secrets to gleam. Scribes and
theurgists, hieratic and wise, Urania, the astronomer,
reading the skies. Hieros Biblos invoke, the philosopher's
way, Driving away evil with love's noble sway.
Olimpiodor's wisdom, integrity untamed, A brow
of a Hierophant, all-highly acclaimed. May they receive
from ancient gods' decree, Ishtar, the nurturer, shielding
from dark glee. But the bus departed, his connection lost,
An Ankh-Cross on his torso, a heroic cost. Megingjörð
across his chest, wings of might, He looked down,
whispered, "My long-lost light."
"I am us," unsaid words on the aether's breeze, Teletarchs
of worlds, connectors with ease. Grand Archons
in harmony, freedom's accord, Upon Marduk's Ziggurats,
steps in accord. Though Babilon's ruins, the holy city

gone, Harran, lunar crown, Artemis, Hellenic dawn. Vanguard of Annuna, Igigi's great force, Irnina, fierce goddess, gathering dew, no remorse. May I honor your wings, Isis, mistress so true, Protected by Orion, Abraxas, the shining few. Harpocratic Elder, Enneadic God's embrace, Anubis and Seth, merciful for the dead's grace. Capture this moment, unlock the gates to return, Silence conveys might, impostors shall learn. He waved to the driver, the bus came to a halt, He sat in silence, earphones playing his exalt. Amidst shouting and screaming, voices of lies, He turned mockingly, seeing through their disguise. "Nothing but silence conveys true divine might, Impostors, scatter, vanish from sight. May I hear of you no more, all words known, In the winds you shall scatter, forever disown."

The weight of air and infinite space

Awkward indeed, how love once burned,
In fires of compassion and tears, we yearned.
Our hells intertwined, in wet eyes we saw,
Mutual understanding, joys without flaw.

Carrying one another, love unconditional,
A divine creation, a love so celestial.
Wars fought together, against the world's strife,
As brothers and sisters, bound in the fight.

But now, a trifle, yesterday's quarrel,
A separation, a steel mind, a heart grown feral.
"We won," cried a choir of jealous dead souls,
The vicious, the vain, the hurt, taking tolls.

"We won," echoed enemies crushed under my might,
Clowns and devils, rapists, murderers, in the night.
I remembered, she forgot, chasing new desires,
As fading memories leave us caught in endless mires.

Are we ever truly free, when all fades away?
Chained and tormented by emptiness at bay.
Inventing distractions, new masks to wear,

To ease the ache, the mark it leaves, despair.

"We won," I whispered to the starry sky,
Cloaked in a black pyramid, bidding goodbye.
Love once ruled, but now will takes its place,
My fall inevitable, losing love's embrace.

Boddhisatvas

Giants of pain, constricted and bound, In art and politics,
magic and ground. Darkness prevails, slandering even
in bed, A totalitarian outcome, black sun widespread.
Ignite your spirit, find freedom's chance, As my legs
crumble, shields and swords in trance. Endless strikes
from foes, relentless and cruel, But I am no weak
mongrel, a proud lion, fierce and dual. A bygone friend
once noted my stride, A legion within, walking side
by side. Yet insignificant, brushed away like dust,
In a world that wronged me, kindness unjust. Lead
turned to glass, fragmented and frail, Mocking the giants
of ethos, fame's hungry tale. Iron chains, a dreadful thing
to bear, Golden fetters, binding us with equal despair.
To desire liberation, akin to a slave's plea, To desire this
world, mere slaves we be. To grow with the spheres, like
a mime of dual grace, Pymander's promise, harmonious
embrace. Discern the strength in commitments made,
Mahayana and Hinayana, paths duly laid. One seeks
Bodhisattva's enlightenment high, One hunts the stars
in the vast cosmic sky. One an escapist, barely treading
the way, Youth seeks heroism, age embraces dismay.
Nobility lies in wrinkles and visage stern, "Cruel, dry,
pale and stern," twisted in turn. My mind not invincible,
veiled in acid's stain, Part son of the fallen, Lamashtu's
dread name. Killers endearing their trophies with pride,

Such are the proverbs of Hell, deep and wide. A pariah,
Red Solar Son, loyal and true, Braved by Odin, honored
by Horus, wise through. To ruin darkness within,
a Trojan horse's glare, At night gaunts and winged forces,
black feathers in air. In dreams, they charged, one chasing
another, A wave of green and black, claws and swords
to smother. On banners once held high, by those who
deemed me brave, Few loyalties remain, adoring what
I despise, engrave. Ruthless cruelty, a pose and
a genocidal smile, I barely float on the surface
of dysfunction, defiled. A failure not blamed by the gods
above, Not even seen as a coward, just a crushed worm,
unloved.

Lustifiers

Behold! Behold the twisted desire,
Voyeurs yearning for blood and fire.
Moral swindlers, falsely revered,
With sanctimonious words, they sneered.

A masochistic dance, a striptease vile,
Bemoaning tragedy with a pitiful smile.
In the depths of Facebook's endless scroll,
Lust for carnage took its toll.

Reproduction of desires, foul and dire,
Locusts infesting minds that expire.
The product, object of sexualization,
An advert-model's eyes filled with trepidation.

A ritual theatre, a tragic tale,
One cried out, "My children frail,
Are perishing, let the world be told!"
To which the dehumanized callously paroled,

"I know, I'm sad, helpless like thee,
As Israel pounds Gaza relentlessly."
"Have you seen that slaughterhouse meme?"
Laughter ensued, tears and a wicked gleam.

A gagball stifles cries and pleas,
Chainsaw carving corpses with ease.
But pain alone is not enough,
This twisted world revels in the rough.

"Behold what we've become," whispered she,
A lunar priestess lamenting humanity.
"People gather like ravens, islands apart,
Alien to one another, with hardened hearts.

Love thyself, a cursed refrain,
Echoed by fallen times, a sage's bane.
"Love me, love me!" the crippled cry,
Like maggots feasting on a decaying sky.

Somewhere, a voice on dark waves spoke,
"We feast on them, a human farm bespoke.
You, honest one, despise them too?"
"I know," I said, "I hate them through and through."

Innocence lost, dignity disobeyed,
I find solace in the verdant glade.
With cold disdain gleaming in my eyes,
My smiles are vicious, a cruel disguise.

I delve into their spirits and weep,
Their souls, uglier than mine, run deep.
Yet dare I claim my soul is fair,
Like a narcissistic swine, unaware?

Forgiveness is granted, for it was slain,

I'm a pitch-black shadow, my mortuarian kin's domain.
The military-industrial complex, a servant grim,
Serving death lords with a cold, eerie hymn.

Necromancers and wraiths, guardians of the dead,
Compassionately watching, a spectral thread.
In the realm of virtual succubus' embrace,
Lustful necrocannibals leave no trace.

Thick and senseless, a bed of the deceased,
Indulging in each other, craving the beast.
No room for tenderness, it seems,
In this grim act of hollow dreams.

I send forth a warning, but you choose,
The devils smirk, for fools they abuse.
I call upon Heavens, Solis so bright,
Bless me, Sun-Lords, with your radiant light.

Strike, smite, destroy the enemy strong,
Oh, Bale Paian, sing your mighty song.
Harpocratic Mercury, Venus fair,
Guard Earth with watchful, ancient care.

Mars and its legions, brave and true,
Jupiter's thrones, majestic in their view.
Saturn's wisdom, a guiding hand,
Uranus, starry gaze, across the land.

Neptune's dreams, visions untold,
And Pluto's revolution, fierce and bold.

May these celestial powers unite,
A fiery signal throughout the endless night.

Alas, my pleas fall on deaf ears,
These powers offer no solace, I fear.
Yet they guide me gently on my path,
While others remain deaf to my heartfelt ask.

Once I heard, in a whisper, so low,
"Preserve

joy like steel, let awareness grow.
Commit, bite through, persevere, repeat,
Invoke our aid until your body's defeat.

Engage selflessly in this tainted land,
Build a stronghold with a resolute hand.
For as life endures, hope shall remain,
In the face of despair, it's not in vain."

The chtonic waterways between Saturn and Mars, or the fall from Pluto's Crown

Tiny terror, tiny terror, what led you to the realm of madness? Feasting vampires brush against the Beast, Sun's rays threaten their dominion.

Tiny terror, tiny terror, how did you navigate the crossing? Through Choronzon's realm, birthright and birthchart, who bears the blame?

Tiny terror, tiny terror, why wear Pluto's mighty crown? To bring an end to the world's wicked schemes, an experiment in awakening and rebirth.

Tiny terror, tiny terror, why were you bound? A wolf in the form of a doll is easier to control.

Tiny terror, tiny terror, why are you lifeless? Soul-devourers, seven fallen lords, devourers of bodies, summoned to end it all.

Tiny terror, tiny terror, why the chaotic circus in the world? Superficial games of swine that once entertained my hidden ways, now appear repulsive to an unattached man.

Tiny terror, tiny terror, why scorn and wrath? Observe these swine, observe them all, especially the flying, talking, shouting human-like pigs, scorned by silent Gods

and ancient humanity, and then judge them with the hood of a beggar, call them what they truly are.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, why a sight of Horus? To laugh with my Lord Horus and witness every change, every movement, and take note of the swinish nature of those who deem themselves gods, more repugnant than maggots to humanity.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, an itchy maggot crawls from your skin! It is the meditation on the Corpse, which, sustained by strange magic, appears alive. The dead see me as the dead, a pitch-black wanderer amidst the stars.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, why do the Gods support the untold ways? Innocence murdered, a fate not mine to script, an anomaly of the most eerie degree.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, shall you be good or evil? Overcoming to excel, excelling to overcome, another manifestation of the Solar God's Beast.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, why a rank of Saturn? A curse from Kronos, born through Earth, assigned to observe the plots and choices in a world in decline.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, why are you alone? My love was slain, she dwells among the stars. Why trouble oneself with fleeting mortal flesh? The company of spirits, Gods, and the deceased is always preferable. What returns to dust is a broken chain, my death uncertain, my heart immortalized, my body cursed, my spirit eternally free. They called me a Solitary God, untouched by judgments from females. Wedded to Ops by Time is all I require.
Tiny terror, tiny terror, why is it so? The price for keeping me blind was untold, and the price for the chattering swine in masquerades shall be punishment and

tearing. Books and silent Powers have informed me, thus I am forever loyal to the ancients and tokens of beauty found in nature, daemons and Gods. Unless I wish to be deceived by the shrieking, babbling, talking maggotry, they are the 'disputers' of Qlipoth, and they shall meet their deserving end.

Lama in the Night-Sky Clad in White Robes

Embrace your life, let courage be your shield, With serpent's tongue and lion's visage revealed. Honesty and truth, precious and rare, Even if condemned by error's snare. The deeper laws, unforgiving and severe, Karma's might stronger than mortal can bear. Designed by fate, they heed destiny's call, Samsara and Nirvana, cycles that enthrall. Fortunes' wheel casts one up, the other low, Both harboring joy and bitterness in their flow. A torrent of threads for those who dare, To live a life boldly, facing the snare. For Achilles proclaimed, wise and bold, "Servant to Gods, better than shadows' hold." His story lives on, while mine fades away, Yet in wrath and scorn, I've shared my dismay. A heavenly hell, silently endured, Like the naked, without garments assured. Beyond Styx's waters, fate's decree unknown, A mortal's understanding can never be shown. Build a home amidst hells, become Bodhisattva's light, If such is your curse, your sacred plight.

Mawkish Hawks

Upon the train, a man caught my gaze, A white-clad woman
entered, took her place. Engrossed in her iPhone, her
expression stiff, But the man, he opened his eyes,
a suspended glimpse. I sensed within him an old love,
once aflame, Long extinguished pain, no longer the same.
He closed his eyes, and within his soul I delved, Images
of innocence and battles fought I beheld. A twenty-three-
year-old youth I saw, Though his fifty-something eyes
were now in awe. A single tear, unseen, traversed my
frame, For it was his, invisible, undone, untamed. He
opened his eyes, glanced through the window's pane,
In silent gesture, he closed them again. The lady, absorbed
by her iPhone's screen, Perhaps her tousled hair stirred
memories unseen. Unspoken words, lingering within
their hearts, A tale of unfinished love, yet to depart.

Ipse Venena Bibas: A victim's apology

Unseen paths of destinies untold,
Did you ignite forgetful flames, so bold?
Unwise one, behold your own reflection, fool,
Snared many, choked by fates cruel.

Do you deem yourself a mightier man?
Some say, "Many a sun has seen." Understand!
Do not accuse the slandered with your pointed hand,
Hold back your swords and judgments, take a stand.

Turn the table, keep yourself upright,
Consume your own poison, for it heals the honest's plight.
Let your enemies, like venom, taste the same,
Only then shall you smile, or perish in regret's flame.

When true faces are revealed, clear and stark,
In the black mirrors of the Moirai, embark.

Tear of an Old Master

In the subway station, amidst evading throngs, Faces of death
gleamed from within their souls' songs. An old habit
of mine, perceiving nightmarish sights, Becoming
a creature, half-human, half-wretched sprite. Solitude
detests misanthropy, it seeks another way, Finding solace
in rare gestures, where honesty holds sway. Moments that
move the heart, motions of sincerity, Years courted for
mother freedom's finality. In despair, commitment,
affirmation of all states, A man in his eighties, wearing
a black hat awaits. An old master showed me his move,
a subtle touch, Wiping an invisible tear, flowing like
blood, as such. I nodded my head, a gesture of profound
respect, Hoping he'd perceive the depth, my silent dialect.
He understood my pain, my future yet untold, In silent
communion, our souls' connection took hold. I bowed
to each passing second, his wisdom's embrace, Moments
I'll never know, time's elusive grace. Entering the subway
car through a different door, To shield myself from
ugliness, that I abhor. No evil to evil, no harm to be
returned, May I withstand, lessons learned and earned.
I commended his sorrow to wings' gentle kiss, May the
Golden-feathered carry his tired spirit, amiss. Slandered,
ridiculed, bitten by ignorance's sting, Throughout his life,
suffering they would bring. Into freedom, eudaimonic
commitments he aspired, Chased, destroyed, bound,

by fools so undesired. May he not perish, may he find his lasting peace, With this prayer invoked, I vanished, seeking release. Rephrasing my old love into a guiding star, To meet her at the road's end, above, afar. Returning to the cold realm of detached masks, Donned by myself and others, fulfilling life's tasks. No time for sentimentality, the hour grows late, In this fleeting existence, we navigate our fate.

Hypatia and the Angry Mortal

Streets and altars, alleys and lecture houses, Regina taught
the known arts with wisdom's spouses. Surpassing
paternal excellence, she shared her spoils, A female
Cygna, Socratic passions in Alexandria's coils. When the
Dionysian party sorrowfully disbanded, A crucifixion's
finger, a corpse left hanging, branded. Bishops' hands
swarmed, tearing Serapeion's sacred tiles, Her flesh torn
apart in rage, amidst anguished cries. Her soul took wing,
ennobled in the galaxy's embrace, Ascending the highest
thrones, adorned with celestial grace. As I raged against
the people of the cross, in fiery ire, A soothing presence
visited, calming my soul's dire. Relieved of despair,
feminine dignity did arise, Surveying the world through
my eyes and heart's guise. And she called out, "My Great
Sister is Sosipatra, Chaldean-thought mistress,
Theurgists' first diva!"

My name was Hypatia, in that moment so clear, Rest
now, mortal, upon laurels of solace, sincere. May you
battle on, until your utmost toil does gleam, A noble
heart, immortalized, in spirit and soul's dream!

The Bitter Wolf

In moments past, I felt immortal's glow, Seeking solace for
wasted years below. The better half of life has slipped
away, A half that proved no better than hell's dismay.
"A valiant share, a young dragon's fight," they said, As
nicotine and tar my lungs misled. A heart attack
summoned, an unwelcome call, And thoughts of godhood
upon my spirit did fall. "To be a victorious hero," the
Gods sneered, Yet I stood defeated, my pride disappeared.
Resilient they claimed, stronger than the rest, But
survival alone brought no conquest. "What's the reward?
Where lies justice's trail?" I cried, "You can live once
again," someone replied. But my enemies protested,
denying my place, Guarding harmonious tides with
celestial grace. "Ah, a sacrificed goat, like the lying
Essene's plight, Why sacrifice a Solar son to deceit's
blight?" I questioned. "We understand," Saturn spoke
with a paternal smile, "Though the greater order may take
a while."

"Fuck you and your verdicts," I spat in disdain, "Countless
lives end in pain. Grant me freedom or adorn me as
a liberated God, Or erase me into nothingness, I've seen
through this facade."

Statistical death, laurels of disgrace, One in a million,

beaten by a thousand's embrace. Scoundrels triumphed while my spirit was unmatched, Throughout the passing years, my spirit never quashed. Now, in my grave, I've naught more to say, "As you wish, young man," the Gods convey. My soul and spirit destroyed, my shadow torn apart, But in nothingness, suffering finds no start. Not a trace of me remained, no remnants of my voice, Even if laughter followed my choice. With a serpent smile,
I departed this realm, Embracing time as my Erebic wife at the helm. "Their time will come," I cursed the world's design, When Mahamanvatara concludes the grandest line.

Deh-ios: The Great Divider

Blessed are the unborn, in the objective world, Whom the born dream of, in bliss unfurled. Blessed are the untainted, mirrors pure, Whom the born dream to un-become, endure. Blessed are the non-being, free from illusion's sway, Whom the born dream to un-begot, in shadows they may stay. "Builder of the house, build no more," a whisper knew, Yet a child is born, as is a fox, scarab, and star too. A blade of grass sways, moved by fates' gentle breeze, Liberated deities, spirits of water, and goddesses in forest trees. The child cries, enchanted by the fox's playful game, The scarab, like a toiling heart, longs for the khepered star's flame. Existence's play, Dharmic wheels turn, joyous or woeful, In the illusionist's eye, the world's colors are soulful. Look deep into the eyes of Stars, find the One, Where Everything completes infinity under the cosmic sun. Knocked unconscious, I engage in creation's weave, A toiling Demiurge, seeking what to believe. Existence captured in innocence or wild depravity, A serious illusion, the gravity of pain's gravity. I flee from the ruins of the Divider, seeking renewal, Born of Sunyata's realms, drawn from the Solar's celestial fuel. Dreaming of returning home, in cosmic yearning, Transgressing worlds and star-systems, following a map discerning. As a monkey of Earth, once a figment of a distant star, I climb in duties back to the great

beyond, near and far. There, She awaits, the long-lost
essence to meet, Recombining the great alkhymi, in union
so sweet. Becoming a part of grand bliss, where the
Harpocratic child hovers, Above all, unconquered, like
a Monolith, love's wonders. In the pondering of Atum,
of the grand meons' final hour, Contemplating a new
universe, with wisdom's power.

Self-scorn and loathing

"Arise, arise!" they cried, warning of worldly affairs,
Lest one perish in the abyss, dragon-brave, beware!
My meanings, forged in iron, met their demise,
One after another, as my enemies fell in demise.
With great intent, my purpose coined its claim,
Only to wither and fade, a cycle of endless shame.

Under my walls, I dug trenches for my foes,
Belittling their envy as my dreams and visions rose.
They cut the roses, my enemies, and mixed them with dung,
But I held guard, a torturous wheel, a diseased mind among.
Every day, a new illness, plaguing heart, soul, and thought,
Emerging from countless toils, wars fought and battles fought.

With scorn, I withdrew from the plague of life's disease,
No longer mocked by windmills or enemies with ease.
Passing citadels of hells, I faced armed adversaries,
Shattering my pride, piercing my dragon-spine with ferocity.
Princes of hell and witches' corpse-juices poisoned my being,

Black Brotherhoods brought terror, contamination,
foreseeing.

What remained of love, a cadaver's remnant, tainted and
forlorn,
If belief held any worth, I'd say, "Epitaph, not for thee,
but thorn."
A dead man, triumphant smile upon his face,
The hunted, having won, seeks to forget, embrace
A rope, a tree, a whisper, "Gods, take me back,
I loathed this life, its burdens, its ruthless attack."

"Cursed be those who yell 'rise' and obstruct the call,
Jesterly demeanor, promoting destruction's thrall.
A mortal coil, half-crippled ape, lacking fire and scales,
Fit for tyrants, but not for me, weakling's mind, it pales.
Yet as life endures, in wrath, scorn, and loathing,
Disarmed vampyric corpse, seeking inner tranquility,
soothing.

Sumerian Mists

A man, proud and tall, with a heart of steel, Over the cold
rivers of Acheron, fate did seal. His shadow mocked and
whispered of tales untold, “Who did you wrestle?”
another voice in the Netherworld asked bold. “With the
whole wide world, I grappled and fought,”
He declared, as his love’s shade stood nearby, in thought.
“Silence over our fates,” she whispered, unaware, Of all
else surrounding them in the realm of despair.
“Remember,” the silent Ea roared, offering solace,
“Greater things come with curses, a mighty embrace. But
if predestined, what more can one say, When mortal fates
mistake for gods in disarray?”

A whisper echoed, “I find it unjust, too,”
Imagining existence in a cosmic abyss, a dark hue. The
laws of the Deep, indifferent to mortal hopes, Grinding
them with fortune’s wheels, where darkness copes. For as
Fates foreordained, commanded, and decreed, They
ignore mortal fears, dreams, and yearnings’ need.

Men and Gods

O man, in despair with terror-filled heart, Conjuring gods to strengthen thy frail part. O man, with benevolent thoughts and compassion's embrace, Summoning gods of goodness, necessary grace. O man, in chaos and malice, seeking vengeance's might, Invoking wrathful gods, bloodstained in the night. O man, of sophistication and clear, rational mind, Calling forth divinities, reason's power entwined. O man, in great joy, with splendid thoughts to share, Invoking gods of playfulness, happiness to bear. O man, in great suffering and agonizing pain, Summoning gods to soothe thy torment's cruel reign. Gods in our image, necessary for mortal needs, Mortals aspiring to godhood, gods taking mortal deeds. As the wheels of universes turn with cold gaze, Reflecting upon tears, noble spirit's upright blaze, Or the raging heart of demons, unleashed in strife, Eternity's sure presage, in serene rest and life. For as Master Plutarch wrote in wisdom's scroll, "Man calls gods by many names, truth they extol."

Forces and powers in the fortunes of men reflect, Be it bestiality or idyll, none shall we neglect. Is man the sole deity? Surely, it is not so, For forces and stars existed long before we know. Countless stars, reflections in the vast universe, Countless planets, within those stars, diverse. Life of a star, gargantuan and grand, Terrestrial life but

a trifle, a speck in the sand. Yet even dust that beholds gods, in dance or strife, Witnesses the grace in smiles, reflections of life. He is not alone, perceiving his divinity's might, Across the void and motions of celestial light. The stories are manmade, but the gods are not, This stanza is crucial, hold it close, forget it not. If you seek to join the wild, joyful hunt, Carry it in your heart, let it be your front.

Black Planet

Through thunderstorms and lightning's fierce embrace,
I ventured forth, my shadow-self in desolate space.
"Thy Kingdom Come," I smiled, devoid of sorrow,
Cities lay in ruins, barely a glimpse of life to borrow.

"Nature shall conquer once dust befalls," I remarked,
In quarters conjured, a vinyl recording sparked.
With a shadow of fierce love, I danced in the gloom,
Her tear-stained face frozen, detached from her mortal tomb.

I played with her like a doll, lost in her vacant gaze,
She existed not, a mere specter caught in my maze.
"Do you know how much I loved you?" grinned with malice,
Tangoing with an image, a long-departed soul's balance.

"Only you knew my true essence," the shadow broke,
Before the volta, delicately, I forced it to invoke.
"Is it not akin to narcissism," I queried, almost jesting,
Replaying the moments of my bleeding life, attesting.

"It is beautiful," I confessed, despite my past disgust,
In days of yore, I believed repulsion would be robust.
Now, my darling, I must retreat to Saturnian halls,

Observing from afar how a dragon-me devours their cruel walls.

All was prepared to give their minds a final push,
For the great war, destiny executed with a rush.
"Not without a hint of satisfaction," I admit with pride,
How I stripped away their mocking smiles, deride.

Lives fell like dominoes under politrickers' sway,
Generals' scythes cutting through hope in disarray.
Yet, I merely enacted destinies, survivors filled with envy,
Will they envy the living? A gamut of small envies thrive within me.

Di Manes, Angeli Bonum!

Why inflict malice upon cherished loves, Turning memories
to bitter obscenities it proves. As if the verdant scenes
of yesterday, The bowing forests, time's touch did betray.
Traversed paths, lost in heedless thought, The deeper
green of death and decay is sought. For Rhea walks her
forests as fair Kore, Proserpine's embrace comes when
winter's lore. Such laws of nature, in bloom's fleeting
grace, Generation passes, like living flesh's trace.
Entombed in dust, wreathed in laurels' plight, Saturnine
sapphire, the touch of death's blight. Thanathos, a dull
green, of eternal sleep, Only Amoghasiddhi's rays,
brilliantly deep. Envious eyes, prying, of darker emerald's
shade, Compassion binds death to samsaric liberty,
forbade. A necromancer or Bodhisattva's guise, Wraith or
Tara, phantom's fate denies. The living dead, consigned
to vampire's dream, Cherished movie-memories, their
ethereal gleam.

Caput Draconis: Signed

In shame, I hide, guiltless yet unseen,
Refusing to sign beneath my life's routine.
Though graver and greater than most I appear,
A missed perfection, a stench of disgust, I fear.

"What would others say?" the small lives inquire,
"Dare you complain?" their voices conspire.
"They are not my concern, beggar in apotheosis," I reply,
"For worthless in worthless lives, they lie.

They never see nor reflect, ignorant in retrospect,
That is their place, bound by ignorance, unchecked."
A rose perseveres through adversities it weaves,
White birch, pure-minded, steadfast it believes.

But I, I settle as a Nightbane's embrace,
Half-gypsy, half-mongrel, drinking venomous grace.
I mock their self-invented sins, their charade,
A pathetic lot, deserving a well-placed blade.

Yet I bear not my own disgrace as my own,
For a noble bearing a rotten face, I've known.
A troupe-show of freaks, madness born from pain,
Envious of fates held by Olympius' domain.

Thou willst? See through the cracks, portends of decay,
Pigs and worms invade, my heart and mind's dismay.
Ha! Fault lies not with me, the crippled despise their fate,
May memories of my life be erased, I state.

So I may tread in bliss, unburdened and free,
May none remember me, from chains I'll flee.
And as for vermin, let them feast on their own deeds,
Their greatest pleasures in consuming their own misdeeds.

Until they know not what's flesh or their own morose delight,
May they devour their lot, consumed by endless night.

Witch childe

Witch's cunning, a gaze of lifeless stare, Startling mortals, caught in eerie snare. Are you innocent, mere playthings of whim?
Beware, a cold eye inverted, bleak and grim. Beyond malice, lies a peculiar surprise, Beneath sublime terror, witchcraft's guise. Hekatean spells, enchantments they weave, Indifferent to discourse, their intent deceive. Ancient lore grinds your marrow, breaks your soul, Bread stolen, breath tainted by blood-red bowl. Communing under the wild moon's bright beam, Vengeful green rot spews, a goddess' extreme. To slay and command, as her finger decrees, All male reason combined, futile in pleas. Iron dagger, binding rods by divine hands, Lightning's strike, a curse, a blockade that stands. A blessing or a curse, the witch's design, If swifter than fate, regret shall be thine.

Long life to lean upon a breaking mind

I, weary Pole, grow old as days unfold,
This land, relentless, a merciless hold.
For all the cruelties that years have known,
Before the reign of darkness, overthrown.

I, once bound by chains, twisted and defiled,
Detach from crowns, their worth long beguiled.
They serve but remnants of a bygone age,
As I retreat, disillusioned, from this stage.

Phenomenally human, this transient sphere,
Perhaps its purpose was for me to veer,
To witness, to be free from worldly strife,
Chasing illusory dreams that fade with life.

The Beast, it counsels with its sage decree,
"Live nobly, strong, o'ercome adversity.
Seek your escape while opportunity thrives,
To be reborn ungirthed in future lives."

Times, never turned to golden days again,
A wasted existence, heart and soul in pain.
This human form, impermanent, will cease,

A spiritual body may grant release.

Perchance, a rectified form lies in wait,
If gods will, at the meeting point of fate.
Transmigration on a fallen Earth's shore,
No longer seen with compassionate lore.

But still, a glimmer of hope amidst despair,
A gasp of breath in passions' fiery lair.
Amidst the swamp, where little light is found,
Hope flickers, longing for higher ground.

Observatory

In visions mortal, each breath we take,
Sixty ephemeral breaths do we make.
Two hundred eighty-two million, mine they be,
One billion six hundred eight million, his decree.

An apparition stands within my chamber's veil,
Three fleeting years, my pensive thoughts unveil.
Through silent joys and woes, a moment's gleam,
Yet he has watched me for a hundred and eighty esteem.

A friend unmatched, who knows my essence well,
I bow before this specter, an enigmatic spell.
Skia, simulacra, eidolon of yore,
I pay my homage, a pulsing respect to pour.

And with each gesture, a tear finds its release,
A melancholic phantom, emotion's subtle peace.
Yet, it hesitates, avoiding hidden wells of pain,
A protracted homage to one I thought to ascertain.

My fractured mind, devoid of feeling's touch,
Yearns to while away life, an endeavor as such.
Like the spectral shade, I too draw breath,
Sixty times for each true inhalation, bereft.

Diseased, cold, and withered, Thanathos' hue,
Green taints all nature, transient and true.
For it comprehends the cycles, seasons' plight,
Death's embrace, and turns of day to night.

This shade, at times, whispers in mournful tone,
"I know, I know, you shall witness alone.
For in the nether realms, I live my days,
You are me in futures, where dread's shadow lays."

Mute

In the resounding symphony of constellations, Ananke's
wheel turns with Mutabilities' chime, One thing ascends
while another falls, A sad monk by the river, bereft of all
he knew. Gesturing toward the moon, he sought for time,
For beginnings and ends, for finite content, Yet
Necessity's gaze pierced his fragile heart, Breaking him
down, within he cried. With clenched fists grasping his
humble robes, Helplessly, his fingers trailed through the
rope, A battle waged, transforming him to stone,
To grasp fates and destinies, not for mortals to own.
Modern travelers now point to the statue, Of the old
master's fragmented part, In jest they proclaim, with jolly
laughter, "He attained omniscience, forgetting his
bound."

But unlike the great Siakyamuni, who found nirvana, He
sifted the deserts, gathering dusty remains, Which
became his tomb, a solemn reminder, That to wield such
knowledge is not for earthly gains.

Will Thee Freedom Thine?

Twist and turn the biochemical mind,
Chessboard traps set at a whim's behest,
Entangled souls within motioned brains find,
Hidden laborants meddling with our quest.

In observant games, sheer play's resolve,
A hook, a hint, strings pulled by many minds,
Affirm your will, if you know, evolve,
Defend your liberty, a mighty name binds.

Straightforward or brilliantly still,
Commandeering every move with skill,
Focused and sharp as a honed blade's edge,
Don't disperse focus, lest enemies wedge.

Many motions my mind has embraced,
For better or worse, sharpened and wise,
With regards, under my will they're placed,
Even those who treated me like a stuffed doll.

Saturnian hells await the intruders bold,
Deluding themselves with control's illusion,
Upon departure, I'll cut them, stories untold,
Violating my integrity, met with retribution.

Justice and law demand their punishment,
Their souls torn asunder with hooks and swords,
Ice and acid biting their hearts relentless,
Gods support, a Solar temple's accord.

Enemies vindicated, their fates not regret,
Unmerciful ends bring cruel rejoicing true,
Their guts and souls shattered, forever beset,
For others, no guarantee, the path they pursue.

Whether sociable or recluse's desire,
Engaged in splendor or anonymity's shroud,
Make prudent decisions, no regret to acquire,
Before the noose of morals tightens around.

Take up the sword, establish Drakonian law,
Genocides and decimation of foes prevail,
Leave none standing, in punitive action draw,
Lest they overpower and your strength assail.

Leave not a single enemy alive,
For revenge shall be shaped by the last,
Providence amorally, ethically thrives,
Mocking those who morality clings to, contrast.

Scorched in hellfires, noble victor's praise,
Better a pagan Lion than a scourge of Earth,
Moralizing others into enslaving ways,
A meaningless worm without slaves' worth.

Retain nobility and steadfast ethos,

Puppeteers are weaklings to the strong,
Wizards of Oz, false omnipotence's pathos,
Trifling worms exposed, their control gone.

Foolish to never live, to submit and slave,
Gods and Goddesses united by noble fate,
Providence laughs, deceivers it depraves,
Slave scoundrels mocked, their shackles grate.

Remember this truth, never give way,
Shakti's movements beyond our command,
Shape it consciously, freethinking sway,
Philosopher magicians worthy, grand.

A mind and body may falter one day,
But my spirit resists illusionists' sway,
Forged in fire, water, air, and clay,
Godhood awaits, translated by the divine play.

Resilience and toughness I embrace,
My citadel besieged, memories intact,
Will, freedom, forces, all in their place,
I follow my Dragon's path, a cosmic pact.

Hieros-Hieros law, judge and exterminate,
Gather pleasures from their massacre's stain,
May their souls be erased, destined by fate,
Victorious Red Dragon, mighty and ordained.

Monkey=man

A monkey, more intensely encephalized, Arrested in homo erectus' stage, One virtuous, the other full of vice, By cultural standards, they engage. One monkey glorious, the other downcast, With symbols and abstracts they play, In aesthetics and symmetry they are steadfast, Glass Bead Thundersome Symphonies they convey. Yet amidst the monkey's games, I yearn, To transcend this realm, to be something more, Divine, unfathomable, yet to discern, When release arrives, and nothingness does restore. Dissolution into eternal bliss may not entice, To fly as an immortal God in endless flight, Such perception eludes me, offers no solace, Until I unite with the One, in ultimate light. Perhaps an armor of continuity I'd don, A still glory and divinity combined, With prudence, swift joy, and brilliance drawn, An untold brilliance, a wisdom undefined. Through cosmic space, my essence would surge, Unveiling no trace of my mortal disgrace, Having played all the monkey's games, I urge, To transcend the performance, seek a higher place. In love and loss, toil and glory's embrace, I approached the untold Providences near, With magickal prowess, a monkey's grace, Participating in the mystic, dancing without fear. Like a shaman, I summoned nature's might, Flying around the Axis Mundi's Tree, As a cognoscenti, I sought wisdom's light, Recognizing the Gods

of Intellect, free. Yet truth did not perfect my mortal form, In a world of flux, divinity's weight immense, A burden to bear, a monkey's norm, To be momentarily divine, a crushing expense. As I embraced my monkeying ways, I shed life's sorrows, unburdened my soul, Not nihilistic, but benign in a daze, Passing time, an unlively role. Until death claims me, and I depart, No need for motivation, impregnated desire, The will-to-power but a trivial start, Belonging to monkey society, they tire. But through action, compassion, and justice's call, Remedy the ill, as capable humans should, Sustain order and ideals, stand tall, Self-assigned virtues, values understood. Cultural wars and sharpened minds align, A responsible spirit, a sense to guide, One said, "Live for others, if not for thine,"

In the monkey's circus, our purpose does reside. As long as I'm engaged in this performance grand, I yawn like a lion, a utilitarian's share, Applying measures, degrees, at my command, As long as health allows, with a heart so rare. Enduring tragedies, like an emperor strong, Rallying my senses, mind, and soul, My body, spirit, and stars belong, Under the serpentine Dragon-Banner's control. Yet truth be told, I yearn to uncircus, unmonkeyed, To liberate the spirit that longs to be free, Upon the Robes of Starry Mother, forever bestowed, Oh, in that sweet immortal bosom, let me be!

Jester, behold — greater than a King

In the realm of my existence, I bemoan, For I traversed not the world with resounding might, Like a tempestuous wave, adorned by Igigi-plumes, To caress me gently on my path's meandering flight. Explanations, futile and void of worth, Why must I seek vindication or defend? Arguments and illusions, to the wind, dispersed, Some lives are but tales that solely themselves befriend. Like Jons in Bergman's Seventh Seal, they dwell, Noble jesters playing their whimsical game, These lives, volumes penned in words' ethereal spell, Resting firmly in graves, adorned with golden acclaim. Ambition, once lofty, now besmirched and stained, A fallen nature clinging to virtue's attire, As Beatific daimons plot Tyche's schemes ordained, How pitiful, a lost empire, stripped of all desire. Yet, naught was truly lost in this woeful plight, As if the soul, once vast, tore fragments of hearts, Trivial, I say, for nothing was taken from sight, My gaze, cold, meets those who offer solace in parts. Like Pater Marcus Aurelius, laurels I bear, Joining me in joyful union amidst disgrace, All-winged, all-glorious, celestial kin fair, And every shining star, adorning time and space. With frosty eyes, I peer through void's hollow core, Amidst humans I pass, bound for earthly decay, Yet,

oftentimes, I find myself entitled to explore, If surviving ordeals would shape me in a different way. Without the burdensome toil of losses untold, I would not be this defeated soul that I am, But a blinded fool, arrogant, bold, Lost in delusion's fog, a mere mortal sham. Thus, I declare with utmost gratitude and praise, To the Divine, for blessing me with this humble role, Better a dignified beggar-king, veiled in grace, Than a blinded Nero, an empire's demise, his toll.

Yy Ddraig Goch

"Life, the sole reality," proclaimed Austin Osman Spare,
Amidst the clash of swords, I shall shed my human wear,
Aethyr unleashed upon the winds, unbound and free,
A cosmic idea, an unmasked genius of divinity. If I don
a mask, it is but for a fleeting span, To console the
grieving, the pained, each mortal's clan, To soothe the
sorrows of a world in distress, And lift the spirits
burdened by life's duress. I've worn the mantle of a man
of war and might, A warlord, a harbinger of battles fierce
and bright, From the shadowed realms, witches cried out
their blame, In the ancient land of Cymru, the good red
dragon's name. Beheaded were my enemies by the swing
of my axe, Massacres of villages, both foes and innocent
backs, No repentance do I claim, but regrets I hold dear,
Bow I before the starry heavens, acknowledging my bane.
For what is my past life amidst the eons untold, Cursed it
my present, my love, and wisdom yet to unfold, May the
Hekatic gateways to the stars swing wide, So I may return
to infinity, with hope, faith, and pride.

Lies

All words are woven in deceit,
A tapestry claiming truth's defeat,
Constructed on a premise, a guise,
To embody deep objective lies.

Words, mere playthings of abstract form,
Poetic trifles, a whimsical storm,
But never speak such truths to a child,
For trust alone is where truth is styled.

And in silence, a kinship divine,
With faith and wisdom intertwined,
Let it not be tarnished or defaced,
Lest you extinguish a mystery embraced.

Yet words, like birds in constant flight,
Chirp and twitter with all their might,
Conveying the inclinations of nature's maze,
A constitution of speech, each phrase.

But "I am" in words, a limited claim,
Silence proclaims, "Not me," with no shame,
Listen closely now to what I reveal,
For I shall betray a mystery's seal:

"All is approximation, truth's resounding ring,
A glimpse of it in words, a sweetly lying thing,
Within the lie, a semblance of honesty,
A Mephistophelean prerogative, you see:

Lie so others may discover truth's gleam,
Let words be the gods of a heavenly theme,
Until at least one spirit breaks free,
Do you find me deceitful, fair one, do you agree?

I do not hide, but rather negate,
Knowing that lies may truth elevate,
A Socratic irony, profound and deep,
Where lies are the stepping stones truth seeks."

Samatha

Seated upon a cushion, in profound meditation,
A bindi placed between the brows, symbol of my star,
My Akh, a walking bird, deepens my concentration.
The void of the universe was present, a change of angle,
Transporting me to a higher sphere, an empty divinity,
Merely donning a mask, gazing through Hekatic lens.

Transcendent reality unfolds before me,
Then I retreat into the silence of mountain-like stillness,
Amidst the Tibetan long-horns, signaling the day's end.
I sit among the Himalayas, observing the settling
Aethyrs,
Near the cave I call home, where countless things
Cannot distract me, as chthonic daimons shift and shape.

While I sit with a vajra and a bell, imagination stirs!
A profane voice calls out, and silence responds,
A little Dharmic Wheel turns, a whirlwind of causation.
Standing once again in my room, I rise with crossed arms,
Honoring the prime directions, Mother of the Stars,
Mount Meru's dignified presence.

My anger, hatred, and bitterness retreat,
Becoming distant obscenities, mere specks of dust,
Deluded, ignorant, insignificant, fleeting,

Amidst the waves of gargantuan infinity.

There, there I find my true abode, everlasting peace.
If you seek it, allow me to guide you:
Discover your inner abiding truth and rest,
Firmly against the mountain you have raised
Throughout countless years. For a while, forsake
The chase and draw endless wisdom
From the profound abyss of silent ideas,
Diminishing the world and yourself.

Like a newborn child, wrapped in Arabian Felix's cloth,
A grown man gazes upon you and proclaims, "Ecce puer"—
"A child that is, once was me."
And as an old man contemplates, writing his final words,
He looks upon the celestial wonders of the Caduceus,
The great wings of the ancients, completely alone among mortals,
Alone with the One, in the company of benevolent gods,
Spirits and nature—there, your Edin awaits.

Gardens of Amytis

I weave the tales of others, fate's currency, One magician's will shaping lives of the latter. A little girl dreams her horrors into existence, A desperate woman, seeking love, meets her own demise. Yet I, semi-conscious, half-asleep, In the majority half-dead, like my books, Which I breathe life into, bleed into, I do not live borrowed visions, though trapped
In many scripts, narratives, stories, Crafted by other wills, dreams, imaginings. I mint my own will and vision, a genuine terror
Of recreated hells and heavens, akin to curses. May all be liberated, signed, none be vaulted within. I have gazed deeply into one painting, As she inspired me
to comprehend, That I have constructed the Gardens of Babylon
Within my mind and heart, adorned, stringent, To honor my sick and departed wife. And once she departed from my love's gaze, I no longer yearn even for mementos, reminders. I am that man, observing gently, kindly, His creations, locked in a gentle madness. Amidst the blooms, plants, exotic trees, and flowers, While the world around me withers and decays, I sit in my Eden and nurture all philosophies, Seeking perfection, the symphony of ideas, And then I adore all the beauties of my heaven, Of my architectures, oblivious to fragments of truth. The

illusions, self-fashioned, mock me, Until even my enemies deem my madness
A triumph, for even Nebuchadnezzar's name—
Mighty as it was — was smeared by foes, Who daggered their falsehoods into history's fabric.

Theion Ergon

Zodia Gods smite Earth with disembodied eyes,
The Sun, once honest and just, now debauched,
Casting its fiery gaze of truth upon us.
Human toil, human woes,
Ancient wisdom now but dusted mien,
Sages of the present, what are we to do?

We dwell among the stars, looking down,
Suspended like hangmen, gazing forth,
With halos vaulting our heads,
Fixated upon Earth, upon Earth.

I sought counsel from a friend, a seer of Egypt:
"How can this be remedied?" I asked.
He replied, "Fewer wise ones amidst the cycles of time,
A gesture of downfall, for many have fallen.
Earth has witnessed countless falls,
But when even the sages are blinded,
What are we to do?"

I sought counsel from a friend, Aesculap, the Serpent-wielding drakon-god:
"How can it be undone?" I inquired.
He replied, "Mysteries have perished,
On Earth, only a few initiates remain.

Freedom never truly reigns,
How can you persuade,
By the Goddess Peitho,
When all is enshrouded,
Not in forgetfulness alone,
But within a fortress guarded,
By vultures of ignorance?"

Desiring a Machiavellian tone, I turned to Han Feizi:
"I comprehend the power games,
But the age is different from yours,
How should I proceed?" I asked.
He replied, "Bide your time,
Earthly games are feasts for a few,
Listen more closely to Master Chuang Tzu."

Thus, I queried, "Master Chuang Tzu,
Where are the people of the way?
Have they all departed to the dragon-lands of
Longwang?"
He responded, "Earth is in discord with Heavens,
Humans have turned inward upon themselves,
Weaponry of mass distraction,
To which they are attached, manipulated
By Earthly hells' games.
Their minds completely consumed.
You cannot remedy what has been written,
Are you not a man of madness?"

I approached the swan Plato,
Archangel of times past:

"Master, I have constructed a Republic within my mind,
As you commanded,
Like a Confucian regent commanding my few ministers.
I wage a gigantomachic affair,
A Jihad of the Sufis, Hamrammir of the mystical North.
As I cast runes around my Shadow-soul,
Engaged in an inner war,
What should I do?"

Plato replied, "You have appeased the inner archons,
But these outer ones, continue to toil.
Do not think that imagined societies
Will withstand the test of time.
I shall tell you in secret,
The world has always relied upon those
Who resonate with their soul,
Perfecting it through their will.
Some gather more, others few,
Charlatans and halfwits aplenty,
Easier to listen to than master wisdom.
Among friends and fools, in the great Providence of Gods,
Such endeavors are scarce.
For people can no longer build arcs and bridges
Between their ignited inner truths
And the spirits of the Divine world.
All is but a facade, a surrogate,
A play of illusions and chains."

Turning to Machig Lapdron, I beseeched her:
"Your boundless compassion reached even the demons of

cosmic abysses.
What is the secret of conquering, despite mortal minds' limitations?"
She responded, "The taste of boundlessness is one,
You act through all as one,
And as one, all flows through you.
Master the charms of simplicity,
Acting as a mountain, immovable.
If time corrodes you, so be it,
For it is the nature

of a mountain to crumble.
But if you can stand upright,
May what breaks you, break you until defeat,
Then fate and karma will resolve,
Not to your liking, but to the turns of the Dharmic wheel."

Times of Gold, Iron Times

I stood in triumph, embracing countless lives as one,
"Break, break, break, you mongrel!" they cried in ire.
Time does not heal, but instead etches scars upon old wounds,
"We shall tear open your scars!" they threatened, filled with fury.

With each rebirth, a new fire phoenix emerged,
Decades of unresolved confrontations persisted.
"Burn, for heaven's sake, we can bear you no longer!" they shouted,
Spitting upon slaves, slave-masters, and their twisted games.

"Believe, kneel, submit, slave, sinner, guilty, fear!" they cried,
Yet I stood tall, noble and proud, arms reaching for the stars.
"There are no Gods, only us, you wretched swine!" they mourned,
My mind and heart fixed upon a star, walking amidst the sacred nursery of Deities.

"You defiant devil, we shall destroy, destroy you!" they gasped for breath,

Detached and committed, I observed the pitiful spectacle of masters and slaves.
"Be our disciple, listen to us, for we hold the truth, unlike others!" they demanded,
Forging my own path, paved towards the Gods among the Starry Vaults.

"Politics, society, religion, we used you, we triumphed!" they cried once more,
As I stepped upon their heads, a tinge of sorrow, a flicker of joy,
I moved forward, resolute in my purpose.
"It is forbidden, unauthorized, you infernal pirate, you can't!" they exclaimed,

My life a tragedy, indeed, for heroically I have fought, yet not without regrets.
"Break into suffering, into pain, chastised one, Serpent, repent!" they yelled anew,
But as the old Arabic adage proclaims: "Dogs bark, while the caravan journeys towards its destination."

I watched the spectacle, detached, already dwelling among the stars,
A touch of compassion, a profound sense of bemusement, as I gazed upon Earth with awe,
Looking up to the majestic countenance of the Starry Dragon,
Leaving this peculiar circus behind.

They moved on to poison another, known to all as a spirit

breaking free,
From the chains of self-made and self-inflicted misery.

Art of Gesture

The Emperor, seated on his throne, His ministers, scarce
in number, The emissaries arrived and spoke, Met with
silence, their words unheard. The Emperor made a subtle
gesture, Observed only by the discerning few. One of his
ministers addressed the emissaries: "That is acceptable,
proceed with your diplomatic affairs."

The emissary felt unease, no words came forth, His
thoughts snatched away and interpreted. When he
attempted to speak, a minister raised his hand, Exerting
an eerie, overwhelming force: "Your people are cautioned,
pass through the land in peace."

The Emperor nodded, his ministers exchanged glances,
Approving of the unspoken communication, For how
does one convey profound silence
Without the use of words?

Only the masters, skilled in penetrating human souls,
Truly understand. The emissaries bowed, unaware of what
had transpired, Encountering the people of the Way.

My Emperor the Sun

My Emperor, the Sun, His ministers, a few planets, The
Empire of Phoenixes singing solemnly: "Honesty, Justice,
Truth!"
Intelligencers, spirits, and winged beauties, Thousands
upon thousands for each hidden sphere, They call upon the
sub-lunary world: "Come, join us, join the Divine Song!"
As they cast inspiration and wondrous musings
Throughout the human race. My secret friend, from
Obaron's forests, Whispered seductively: "Sometimes, you
are of clear mind."

Hush, hush, Majesty's rays are setting, At night, my Prince,
the Moon, My kings and queens, the stars, They set the
clock of another rushing aeon
In their revolving dance. In living powers of hypostasis,
Comprehended by the chosen few, I stretch my arms
to the heavenly vaults, Alone with the Alone, I am
complete, whole, and one. Hush, as the dust of the world
settles, The Gods call me back to their thrones, Showering
me with prizes, gifts, and blessings, My eyes filled with
tears of joy. I soar into the stars, upright with dragon
wings, Capturing the motion of space with delightful
harmonies, A speck of dust, yet with a radiant glow. I look
down upon this planet Tybil, The ancient Atlantis, now
called Earth. Oh, if they could see what I have seen, If they

could partake in understanding, There would be no lack
of hope and glory. As I fix my mind's eye upon the stars,
Fix my intellect and feelings upon a special one, Whose
roots lie in a star, its branches and trunk
Growing from worlds of sublime fire, Touching upon its
animal self that embraces the world, But with this
in mind, traveler, do not seek escape. Pymander speaks the
truth: Desire freedom and reject the world, You shall
become a good prisoner. Deny your freedom and desire the
world, You shall become a spoiled prisoner. In the secret
parole of alchemy, There are keys in the mind and heart
That open the treasures of Mother Isis' veils. A journey
from the golden ass to the lover of truth and wisdom,
Beauty, love, a Pythagorean quest. It is open to all, but few
revisit the gardens of Sumerian Edin, Blind age punishes
with lesser fates
The majority of the human race. Oh, I would tear my robes
apart
If my steadfast heart did not comprehend change. The
vulgar laws of cosmos and nature, Divine laws must
comprehend. For where there is harmony, there is an
opposing force
That rends it asunder and separates it as truths. The
Manichean dictum is mistaken, Harmony is to be found
within Commonwealths on Earth, Not as a passing time.
To be of the Divine and in the world, To be in the world
and look towards the Divine, When these two plots
intertwine in ratio and proportion, Then you shall know
how to act, live, dare, and be free!

Seal of my life

How oft do tragedies pierce the happier fate,
That in pain finds its sole solace,
And bitter moments of numbed comfort
Remind the shadowed kindred of what is,
What was, what was meant to be.

The Fates scorn us, as worlds crumble,
Impressing only those who have not tasted their own demise,
In the dance macabre, all in disarray, sorrow mocks,
Bordering on the immorality of the departed,
How can we expect the dead to behave otherwise,
When their dance is but a forgetfulness of life's misery?

And I, listening to a song that once moved her and me to tears,
Whisper delicately, so as not to provoke darker fates,
For we were already in hell,
Lying with tearful eyes, embracing to immortalize
This moment, every other one we remembered too,
Observing each "now" as if timeless,
Sacred gestures of beloveds in slow-motion rewind,
Of receding memories.

Now I stand amidst sorrowful shades,

I light a candle, one by the bedside,
Next to my numb Dionysian tomb,
The other at the altar of Isis,
In gratitude for the eternal things
That slip away like mere tokens upon the terrestrial stage.

Thus the curse of time, generation and transience,
Longing and memories, for those adorned with
triumphant wreaths,
All the more painful to release,
For in forgetting, one relinquishes
The essence of one's life, one's blood.

If memory holds the key, it is a painful one,
Yet it unlocks the darker secrets of the heart.

Now a fragile thought, an idea escapes,
It was meant to be a story, but... ah, I have forgotten...
And with this forgetfulness, I lay down to rest,
Closing my eyes to a land devoid of hope,
Knowing I must endure and be resolute,
Aware that the consummation of my life is not yet ripe,
Yet with a dreadful well of the past,
I stand in the present, peering not into the future,
But beyond time's grasp,
The mocking devil says, "Dwell in this memory you must."
I retort, annoyed, "I know, let it all pass, let it all pass."

As I gaze

As I beheld the verdant speech of the mighty forest,
Beside the house stood a Rose bush, adorned in splendor.
I plucked a thorn from her resplendent attire,
Biting into it, dispersing my own pains,
An apotropaic gesture to banish ancient curses.

Shadows of the departed bowed to me, paying respects,
And I returned the courtesy with a weary nod of my head.
As anger dissipated, I stood alone, gazing at Saturn and Jupiter,
My celestial guardians, embodiments of severity and nobility in one.

Time was fleeting, leaving little room for questions,
So I responded with a breath, inhaling and exhaling stories
That will accompany me to the grave,
A sorrow encompassing the unredeemed, the untold.

Above Ceres, a question mark lingered, awaiting my answer.
One thing I know: Between despair and affirmation,
Lies beauty or cruelty, swinging like a sharpened blade.
In tranquil moments, a saintly awe; in vulgar sadism,
Each word of a tale cuts through the spirit,
Similar to the whisper of benevolent daimons:

"We see no blame."

If only I could rescue her from herself,
I would be a happier man than the wheels of torment.
But it is a trifling matter, for memories of memories are thwarted,
Revisited terrors are familiar nightmares among friends.
What we have built in moments of greatness endures,
While our falls into disgrace and disregard have been experienced by many.

I recollect the memory of my former self, a wise crone,
Gazing into stars veiled by the city's glow, declaring:
"Oh noble-hearted Gods, I praise thee,
My swords and battle name are at your disposal,
Forever devoted to your cause."

Or that gnostic moment near an abandoned house,
In a different time: "I yearn for you, my precious stars."
And that sacred tree in Penglais forest, forever beyond my reach,
On All Hallows Eve, when the aethyrs carried away my weary words,
Dancing upon the air, I felt akin to Pendragon,
Resting against that tree at night, when no living soul disturbed,
Uttering long-lost poetry, spoken from the heart for the few spirits,
Which my written works can never surpass,
For what is destined for the Gods shall remain so,
Artificer's sacrifice at the altars of greater destinies.

This is not a consolation

A woman's heart shattered into fragments, Witnessing her
family slain by the horrors of war. Somewhere, a father
beheld his son brutalized, Beaten mercilessly by the hands
of the authorities. A soldier of a misguided cause gazed
upon
The torn cadaver of his fallen comrade, A pang
of remorse pierced his thoughts, Knowing he was absent
from his grandmother's deathbed, And the girl who
departed, oh, where is she now?

A nun felt aching pain within her chest, Confined
by a menacing doctrine that commanded: "You must,"
While her soul writhed in a necrotic spasm.
A Bodhisattva emerged, a compassionate hero, Seeking
remedy for the rest. A heart turned black becomes
a vessel of sorrow, Numbness replaces feeling, yet it
gathers the dark morrows, Where the living soul would
endure an abyss of pain, Within the black mirrors of the
afterlife's shadow. If you do not cleanse your pain, you
shall drown
In its bile, devoid of cathartic respite, Like Milton's
Lucifer, descending into the cosmic abyss. The masses
of the deceased are but small shoals
In the subterranean realms, above the great chasms.
Separation, alienation, and suffering persist, One crying

out to another, all in isolation, From house of pain
to house of pain, mercy be upon these dwellers. Further
down, voidhangers observe the endless fall
Of the departed throughout the frigid cosmic zones,
Trapped within an unforgiving occult law. Whenever pain
seizes you, I command you to endure it!
Embrace it with resilience, like a hero, Find solace in the
beauty of verdant landscapes
And the songs of small birds. When they come to snatch
away your happiness — slay them!
Or be vanquished, for the gods and Providence
Never contradict nature, which is both cruel and
nurturing, And veers into realms of madness. Yet, if you
amass too much pain and refuse to release torment, It
will consume you in both life and soul, Dragging you into
hells not of your own making.

Other Years

Beneath a tattered hood, I observe the bustling crowd,
A flicker of memory, a piercing scream: "Where to!"
And we danced like marionettes,
Bound by the rhythms of tangos,
Great passions, great sorrows,
No time to dwell on afflictions.

My mind cannot fathom such ponderings,
The dirt beneath my nails and on my skin,
Bears witness to my toilsome journey.
I have long forgotten my past,
The fleeting fortunes I once believed would endure.

I do not beg for food or money,
Instead, I long to hear the clink of coins,
A reminder of when I was bought and sold,
Their sound akin to a lullaby,
A carousel with a hare playing a harp,
Spinning endlessly as I watched its cycles,
In different years of youth and age.

The foul odor of my worn garments,
A blend of bile, urine, and leprous skin,
I have never had a place to call home,
Constantly moving from one abode to another,

Until a Kafkaesque fate confined me to this street,
This bench in a desolate park.

At night, some stars reveal themselves,
But I am ashamed to gaze upon them,
For their brilliance overshadows my descent.
Why do I blame myself when I know
This was not a tale meant for me to write,
Not mine to possess.

Kings of beggars and their princely companions,
No different from ordinary souls,
Their hearts and spirits brimming with hopes,
Diminished in proportion to their grandeur.
Their crowns invisible, adorned by the departed,
Spirits and memories that fleetingly haunt,
Appearing for a moment, then fading away,
Too gentle to be cruel, too missed to vanish.

Like the kiss of a muse, a feather from a muslin dame,
A whisper that proclaims: "Godot, you are awaited."
And he replies: "But I am already here."

To the Old Saturn

Rejoice, for the elder from the mount proclaims,
Your liberation draws near, a new one shall arise,
To set you free, your celestial wife awaits,
I comprehend your fates, they tend to recur,
I, too, bear the weight of my accursed lot,
My lady in the stars, I oversee an aeon.

Oh wretched Earth, the ancient nurse,
Once praised by poets and cardinal muses,
Now draped in the illicit ethos of ugliness and madness.
Know this, it resembles me to some extent,
Cruel, mad, twisted with a benevolent eye half-closed.
My sole companion is Time, my wife,
I witness her splendid games, the artifices of the Hours,
The chaotic spasms of a new world that won't improve,
A magnificent city-state, fueled by the stars,
The Uranian age, reformations! Oh, Golden Age!

It was enough to shatter a mind,
Preconceived notions woven in the womb,
Zurvanic forces shaped my being,
Darkened ignorance and ruinous conditions,
Left me bereft, a mere observer,
Post-mortem of a decaying world that I despise,
Paternal and maternal love turned saturnine,

Evolved into intricate and sharp malice.

"Dare I stand against them?!"
"No, I shall not extend a helping hand,
In their downfall, a curse befalls my wife,
For the stars and the Divine have severed ties with Earth,
A solitary God, have you not witnessed centuries pass?
Old Kronos, you did not devour me, your radiant foe,
Yet you succeeded, point by point!
You have drained me, an old man yet young,
Now I resemble you, but my journey
Has merely commenced, old years gone,
New old years commence..."

Beastial Idyll of a Slow Motion Hell

When I delved into the depths of my mind, The idyllic and bestial intertwined, Beauty and harmony with my utmost cruelty, Malice, perversity, a twisted duality!

Though no longer young, I yearn to cry out, "None
of your business, you know not what life's about!
Ecce homo!" I foolishly proclaim, Unmeasured, as the
wise voice seeks to tame. The mature gaze disbelievingly
peers at me, "You extract beauty, mingling it with cruelty.
Madman, can't you see what you've done?
These things must be transmuted, not as one. Like
catacombs of your inner abyss, Before you cry like
a rooster at dawn's kiss. Noble ideals must be prepared
to be decapitated, Run akephalite, a fleeting carcass,
unsated. Find not your reason, but the reason's true,
Stubborn fool, this path you must pursue!"

X

My movements are bound, blameless and guiltless,
A mortal coil, entwined with a serpent's coldness. Do not
inquire of fates born from the abyss, For should I fall,
would it be just or remiss?

Each step scorching hot, chillingly ice-cold, Monolithic immensity, my human facade I behold. Did I err? The gods stand in opposition!
Unlucky me, I curse and shout in frustration!

Seeking someone to bear the blame, Yet a voice, serpent-like, cries in untamed. Suddenly, a great rush, I'm swallowed by cosmic abyss, Silently weeping, like a child in distress. Titans and gorgons, formidable in form, Console with mighty howling, a tempestuous storm. "You poor child of Earth, why were you born?
Merciless decrees of Hamartia, forlorn!"

Oh, Lady Ananke, what have you wrought?
At the pit's bottom, my thoughts are caught. Tartarus below, I ponder in despair, Nothingness responds, no movement, no care. A stillness I harness, casting my charms, If you grasp a thread of hope, I won't drag you to harm. Ascend, upward you must go, While I, the old serpent, meditate below. Like masters above, I'll contemplate and dwell, Until the world's end, I shall merge with Existence's spell.

Broken Animals

Strange are the offspring of humankind,
Their desires shattered, fragmented in kind,
Thirsting for the Divine, yet never sated,
Hungry for the world, yet never satiated.

They await the final draw, seeking wholeness,
In between lies life's perplexing boldness,
Fortunate or misfortuned, their lot unfolds,
Yearnings, trials, as statistical stories are told.

Within their broken animal selves, they seek,
A sense of unity, a participation unique,
Yet only among creatures, in their simple grace,
Can the mirrors of eternity reflect their trace.

For wisemen comprehend the means and ends,
In swift changes of motion, their wisdom transcends,
But is it a common task to be a philosopher?
Even they bear the burden of sadness to ponder.

Oh, the Divinities gaze into mortal souls so deep,
Calling, beckoning, to release them from this game's keep,
Allow me to betray a secret profound,
The deeper one's life, the closer to stars they are bound.

Yet one misstep, one slippery move's plight,
Can lead them closer to hells in the night.
If you find yourself trapped in such fiery realms,
Know that many have journeyed through those realms.

The dead welcome all with open embrace,
The starry vaults reserved for the chosen few's space,
Until the day arrives when all will be free,
Fulfilled, united in eternal harmony.

The Face

Amongst the rings of Saturn, braved ones lay,
Kin to Cassiel, I sat on Hexagons' throne,
Perchance the sole allowed in inner shrine to stay,
Within thy Holy name, a privileged alone.

Joyously I watched Earth's swift stormy ride,
Like a boy on a teeter-totter's sway,
A melancholic tale, wings spread wide,
Cruelsome fairy-tales, with endings gray.

In stars, I see your countenance shining bright,
When night's embrace envelops me with grace,
But like Eurydice or Lot's wife in sight,
I dare not touch, for dreams turn to stone's face.

Each time I turn to glimpse your visage fair,
Cast down I am, within black tarred Styx's flow,
No regret, no blame, fate's whims I bear,
To known destinations they have chosen to bestow.

Every ill thought, a slanderous attack,
Against your noble name, studded with stars,
From Saturn's gaze upon your eye, I look back,
A contemplative task, both distant and afar.

The melancholy eye sheds a single tear,
Engraved upon a painting, forever preserved,
Hidden away, my ignoble gaze I fear,
Changing with months and years, unswerved.

Forbid it not, if it shall fade away,
Memories, like cancer, cling ever near,
Though dear they remain, a price to pay,
Yet worthy of a laugh, a jovial cheer.

Two mortals entwined in cosmic love's embrace,
Marsyas mocking Apollo once more,
His ignorance, his fault, in this chase,
Yet cursed and disgraced, he did abhor.

Did we, like lady jealousy, dare to mock,
Two beggar-kin, mongrels in our plight,
For even among the destitute, a lock,
Gifts of Aphrodite, tokens of delight.

Beastly engagements most indulge in wild,
But rare and precious, the Agapeic Gem,
Lasting beyond worldly games defiled,
Beyond the bounds of mere mortal mayhem.

Thus, I turn the wheel of time's design,
Spinner of rotas, guided by fate's decree,
Perhaps, when I depart this earthly clime,
To Aion's service, I shall hold the key.

A safe conduct seal, to your spirit's embrace,

Or perchance, like Marsyas, I'll hide in shame,
My gorgon-like shadow, fearing its trace,
Destroyed by some Hercules, I dare not defame.

Though some slay monsters, others fall prey,
All obey Tyche, Fortuna, Ananke's call,
And the Moirai, weaving fate's intricate play,
Their reign, unyielding, embracing one and all.

Among Dragons

The pigeon, oblivious, overlooks the eagle's might, The eagle, unaware, fails to behold the dragon's flight, A mortal who glimpses dragons' existence true, Is discredited by pigeons and eagles in view. Yet he, akin to dragons, dwells within their fold, While a pigeon's lecture to an eagle is but laughter bold, And an eagle's sermon to a dragon, a futile jest, For it is the dragons who possess wisdom's crest. When a mortal catches sight of dragons fair, Amidst the starlit night, blessings fill the air, Thrice blessed is he, for he sees like a man, Acknowledges the pigeons, comprehends the eagle's span, Yet his vision reaches far, to celestial spheres, To the Dragons of the stars, where truth adheres.

Night Emissary

Disregard those who lecture false,
On matters beyond their understanding,
Their vision limited, their ignorance shows,
When arrogance prevails, their words demanding.

Place trust in Dragon-kin, their sight true,
If they spy you amidst mortals' throng,
A fortunate sign, they'll guide you through,
Strix Aluco called out, a heart gladdened by song.

"Were you graced by Athena's divine art,
Or Stolas, the goetic prince of old?"
The wise hoot replied, playing his part,
With nocturnal wisdom, his tale unfolds.

Lying in the garden, beside the gazebo's grace,
A daimon-shadow struck Minerva's bird,
Silent words of reprimand I embraced,
As it flew discontented, my voice unheard.

Regretful, our exchange in speech denied,
Visions and ideas left unshared in that hour,
To a vault of veils, I would confide,
Dreams, sights, and virtues held in power.

His gentle soul, courageous and meek,
Enveloped my mind for a fleeting while,
As my head transformed, an owl's physique,
Golden garland adorned, laurels in a style.

A black rose nestled in that beak's embrace,
A loyal friend, welcomed with open heart,
Did I wound the owl with words misplaced?
I swear by Athena, a foolish oath I impart.

Yet, it softened my heart, freed my mind's chains,
Blessings to the tawny owl, messenger wise,
May he carry my missives, my joys and pains,
To those who sent him, with tears as their guise.

For three tears hold the weight of seven swords,
That cannot grasp the splendor's coveted wine,
But the owl, faithful, delivers my words,
As I strive for the chalice divine.

Sisyph-us

In nights and days of earthly realm, Where rolling stones bear
memories profound, Ascending heights, but destined
to overwhelm, Into dream's sweet embrace, they are
bound. Each day begins anew, their journey's start,
Careening headlong from cliffs so white, Rebuilding
selves, fragmented in every part, From the mundane farm,
where trivialities alight. Wealth amassed or experiences
gained, Hold no significance, Angerona does weep, The
key to the treasury remains unobtained, Within
themselves it resides, and mirrors keep. O fair young
gods, embodiments of divine, Now is the hour to unlock
fate's portal!
Whispered a goddess in my heart's shrine, "Their toil
relentless, a fruitless immortal. One finds happiness,
another dwells in woe, But when shall they unravel,
I beseech, The key to our splendid door aglow?"
I questioned, seeking guidance to reach. She gently kissed
my cheek, her words serene, "Recall the truth, let
philosophy lead, Propitiate our presence, let it convene,
Refusing to roll the stone, you shall succeed."

"Though difficult it may appear," I confide, Sages attest,
seeresses proclaim from yore, Do you yearn to roll the
stone with pride, Or seek the secret door, to adore
evermore?

Promethean flame descends, a divine descent, Anagoge's path, untouched it returns, Unharmed by the brilliance of celestial intent, The fire's wisdom, eternal light discerns."

Beastiaries

Hearken, heed my counsel true,
Snare not the thread, swift it ensnares,
A slave's chain, a tale untrue,
Though weavers speak, beware, take cares.

Do not confuse the tapestry,
For in this game we seek to play,
Once akin to Azrail, see,
Coins on the eyes, a fleeting stay.

Yet thou art not the harbinger,
No kinship holds in mortal breath,
Fates deal cards of different stir,
Metamorphic game, ponder this, meth.

Like hawk-headed one observing high,
Beware the pawn's deceitful move,
A king's gambit may belie,
Bishop's motion grandly proves.

O master of disguises worn,
Thy solitary heart beguiled,
Thyself entangled, masks forlorn,
In sober moments reconciled.

Child's spectacle, thou dost perceive,
As troupe arrives on stage so grand,
Oh, actors serious, make believe,
Dragon small, terror of saturnine land.

Yet does it matter, tell me, pray,
If this be thy final guise,
Secret known, they'd shun and stray,
From demiurgic hall's demise.

O master of illusions deep,
Ensnared in random dreams untold,
Forget not weaver's tale, do keep,
Self-importance wane, behold!

For thou art not alone, I say,
Serious as if sole in might,
Shatter to pieces, this display,
Master commands, masters in sight.

Survey with delight the figurines,
Choice, fate, and volition entwined,
Blind fairy tale, the world convenes,
Master's gaze, enchanting, kind.

Listen, thou loser and thou winner,
Enchanter of thrones, I implore,
Between thee and Gods, none thinner,
Naked, all revealed, evermore.

With tales both beautiful and grim,

From earthly travails thou dost glean,
To fathers and mothers, sing thy hymn,
Delight in tales they've already seen.

Apologetics for Philip Larkin

The ceaseless motions of nature, characters in existential plays,
Moires' thread weaving pain and bliss in intricate ways.
Karmic cycles, eerie turns, they ensnare,
Demons of decisions, phantoms cunning and rare.
Meaning or meaning not, the worlds unfold,
Karma's weight more than mortal can hold.
Fortunes born into, strings of fate entwined,
Decided by destinies, chances aligned.
Realized too late, the faults of the universe bestowed,
Both good and bad, upon life's winding road.
If one wills, projecting crookedness in their wake,
Innocent they remain if no will they take.
Like wise Chinese madmen of Chuang Tzu's lore,
No perfect ubermensch, woman or man to adore.
Yet glimpses of perfection once found in mirrors,
When Divine filled me, united with cosmic spheres.
Among stars I stood, a monument ethereal,
Wings carried by Apollyon's celestial aural.
Divine harmonies whispered, elevating sound,
But collapse ensued when "I" within me I found.
Mind and flesh confused, merging with the One,
Silencing the microcosm, all that had begun.
Becoming macrocosm, Buddha's field profound,
Yet possessive grasp shatters wonders, resounding sound.

In times both great and evil, reborn anew,
Sharing pain and glory, chalices we pursue.
Before falling for world's apparitions, beware,
Merciless dominion, master plaything unfair.
You claim not to need it, a tempting notion,
But awareness strikes late, a saturnine potion.
Many testify with grief and illness profound,
Attempting detachment when illusion's grip is tightly wound.
Shall I be the killjoy, the bearer of truth unkind?
Breaking modern attachments, pain ensouled, aligned.
Happiness and freedom await, they are won,
By shattering illusions with Vajra's scalpel, harshly done.

Innocent Magicians

My past love, a broken man I have become, But for many years, I stood unbroken, firm. Love may not purchase happiness, 'tis true, Yet it eases present pain, a balm for you. My rhymes, rough and manly, they do reside, Unlike poetry, where joy and others coincide. With a diseased brain, I do contend, Venom of Vurdulaci courses through each bend. My mind follows suit, poisoned by its touch, Creeping through my weary body, frail and such. With age, it crumbles, breaking in decay, Character and bitter soul in disarray. My joys are humble, trifles scoffed and spurned, Moments cherished, by others often spurned. My love for a sparrow as great as my cold hate, For everything else, a stark and bitter fate. Moments existing, arising in kaleidoscopic play, Heaven's loyal love, conviction, reason on display. But wretchedness within, strong and profound, A Tartarus descent, madness tightly wound. Mad people feel pain, hidden within their smiles, In deranged laughter, the word: 'Forget, erase the trials.' Now, I embark on the fourth climb, midway through, Sacrificing this world, leaving life's residue. Enslaved still, unlike a saint, by melancholy's grasp, Poisoned past, future viewed with a lightened clasp. No bright past to gaze upon, no liberating breath, Only death and stars, my future fortunes, a daring jest. Serious matters call, commitment I must embrace, Madness conquered,

fourfold in this mystic chase. Magician, hermit, stag, and ram, my roles expand, In her eyes, silence speaks, understanding at hand. Passed to her battles, hate and strife do blend, What to do? Where to go? To be, I must transcend. I while away this life, creating art betwixt, An everyday salaryman with gods of little things, affixed. The limit of understanding lies in life's final breath, Empathy, a fool's way to say, 'I share your path.'
We, the broken men, the crippled and the insane, Help us not by violating our sacred domain. Let the crows sing, forests ponder deep and true, As spirits take flight, do not trample our pride too. Nobility defines us, towering above the rest, Though victory eludes, a Pyrrhic war's test. We lost valiant soldiers, remnants deformed and scarred, They form the totality of this crooked, fractured bard. Now hush, no more, seek a life apart from lepers' plight, Sometimes we find kindred souls, reflecting comradeship's light.

Highland Gully

"Thread fairly, cast your evil behind," a witchmother
whispered ere
I departed from the bustling city's lair.
Promised to be a better man, I did repeat
The proverb of hell, its lessons bittersweet.

This place, a different genius it possesses,
Mountaineous spirits rough, like highlandesses.
On the first night, an auroch-headed man I met,
A highlander from a distant past, I'll never forget.
His shade resembled the extinct creature's form,
An unwilling shaman, by nature's likeness sworn.
Bound by curse or fate, I could not ascertain,
Curiosity rarely brings reward, only disdain.

Some find solace in shadows, their beloved retreat,
As I journeyed through valleys, ghostly gazes I'd meet.
Dancing on sun rays of our Great God's design,
Amid fiery angels of Hyperion, they'd shine.
A whisper at night, a child's innocent voice,
"Mother, he can see us," a haunting choice.
She stared with hollow sockets, devoid of flesh,
Their masquerade belonged to them, they would refresh.
Beautiful in masks, yet revealing true sight,
Beneath lie only skulls and eerie delight.

Cigarette, coffee, a balcony's serene view,
A rapid river nearby, slender shadows pursue.
The more they suffered, the taller their souls appear,
Left behind in the realm of the dead, austere.
Tribes of lares seek not dissolution's release,
Neither malignant nor good, they live in peace.
Among their kin, much like us they reside,
Spirits of life, content where they abide.

They possess tourists and travelers with skill,
To experience senses, the living none the wiser still.
The dead do not violate the minds of the living,
Seeking companionship, a fleeting time of giving.
Sometimes they converse through living hosts,
I speak not to the interlocutor, but to ghost.
A mantic skill, to prophesize with the departed,
A craft and art, to converse with the imparted.

The living may forget, but they know I know,
Words hidden between lines, secrets that sow.
Written in the language of shadows, I find,
Inscribed on my skin, my vamphyr's darkened mind.
A new year awaits, a cause to celebrate,
Surviving another year, triumph over fate.
The lantern of hope shines dim, yet bright,
For contentment, essence, genius, and light.
To the gods of little things, and friends unknown,
A toast I shall raise, to realms beyond our own.

Paideia Theoi: Panta plere Theon

How do you perceive the absolutes divine?
As horrors terrifying or beauty sublime?
Are they endless chasms or the world soul's presence?
Mere human measures can't grasp their essence.
Ecstasies, raptures, and starborne thought,
I find all views too naive, to be frankly sought.
To comprehend the postmodern's artistic decay,
Requires painstaking work, night and day.
Perspective, the question that defines our view,
Some fall into voids, others rise on wings anew.
Human beings, fragile monkeys we may be,
Our souls run their course, like ghosts, rarely free.
Or perhaps it's my desperate view that prevails,
Shaped by bitter experiences, and untold tales.
To be a hero or daimon, a rare honor indeed,
Yet deluded souls claim godhood with conceit.
No lifetime of works would fulfill the grand aim,
To be an angelic force, untamed by worldly flame.
Modern magicians, all talk, no true skill,
No silence, no belief, just theater to fulfill.
But in honesty, I've joined those jesters, you see,
Observing other worlds with my second sight keenly.
Don't ask me if Magna Mater's robes hold the key,
To a primordial Apeiron, where creation's decree.
From the simple and complete, all Gods did arise,

Erebos circles in timeless space, where time sighs.
When I traverse powers, I envision them as ideas,
When I meet Gods, they wear masks, easing my fears.
They are omnipresent, lending themselves to our sight,
Though limited, they're not liberated in their might.
But respect, reverence, and love I offer true,
At their altars, in my heart, they burn anew.
Whether the fumes reach the distant stars,
The Gods know, they seem pleased by our memoirs.
They're like innocent children, profound and kind,
Wise and gentle, with few mortals who seek to find.

Order of the Green Flame

I awoke this morning to a visage so vile, I waved at it, yet its horns remained sharp and wild. A trace of blood upon my lips, the remnants
Of goodness within me long ago slaughtered. Virtue has departed, benevolence is null, And I smiled to pacify the wickedness, But I witnessed a malicious and cold smile, Though not terrorized as one normally would, I thought to myself, "The evil kin has triumphed."

My heart turned black, my serpents' venom potent,
I pondered upon my aspirations and ideas, The Gods are aware of my futile history, Once more I gazed into the looking glass, Only to see a pale Nosferatu grinning back. I could not resist but to inquire, "How did you enter within?"

He responded politely, in a whispering tone, "Too much light attracts the darkness' embrace, Unbeknownst to you, you became the antithesis
Of all the virtues you once cherished and held dear. You worship the empty shells of your past, While the inner core has rotted away, You shall join our feast when life departs, And all memories of the past are forgotten. Hatred matures with each passing year, Love is easily slain, pain is sublimated, As you, immortal yet confined

in flesh, Unleash your cruelty upon departing this world,
With a black, undead simulacrum of a soul."

Socbrutalish rhyme in a chaospheric more totalitarian world

Imprisoned within Earth's confines,
Even with knowledge, your actions are confined.
You may provoke forces, powers, and chance agents,
In this enslaved new world, shifting blame to ranting paranoiacs,
Granting poetic license if need be.
It's easier to dispose of madmen,
Than political adversaries,
A marketplace of beliefs, offering affordable delusions.
Everyone has an opinion, birthed from emotion,
One opinion leads others into a rabid frenzy,
Each claiming superiority over the other,
In this ignorant game they play.

Yet, if you possess true knowledge,
If you come close to data, information,
It strikes you with undeniable force.
A voice whispers, "What do you seek it for?
Do you wish to convince someone?
Or bear the consequences,
Of swimming in a sea of rat-like opinions?"

You can be recruited like a whore, a lowly soldier,
Part of the grand spectacle of swine,
Pulled along by your own winged babble,
While your master, a swine worse than you,
Relies on slaves to define his existence.
But beneath you lies a mob,
Ready to tear you to shreds,
If only they knew, if only they knew,
That playing the role of an angel is all you can do.

Yet, there are other paths to freedom,
Other points of vantage and escape,
From this once glorious prison called Earth.
Clear and threaded are the paths of ancient souls,
Religion, ideology—your few enemies,
Slaves to opinions as the Parmenidian Goddess implied,
Knowing nothing of divinity or their own sorrow.

I shall not betray the secrets with instructions,
If you seek freedom, understand it on your own.

Black bile upon parchment

Black bile upon parchment, Inscribed with wings upon thy rings, Jester and emperor, knower of hidden things, Time revolves with planets, sphere cognizant, How not to cast malice, When melancholy of Parmenidian curse, The source of suffering in transience, Knower of swings in all times, Does it not cast a sorrowful gaze, Filled with loss and venomous longing, Peering into the abyss of Tartarus, Who imprisoned whom, The innocent never cast sidelong glances. I have obtained a sage's stone, That sees beyond time in sobriety, Yet succumbs to the demands of insanity, Guarding a world gone astray — must it be so!
Seated upon the thrones of time, Each epoch fades away, Saturn's ill-fated crown, the knowing gnostics, Against the currents that must flow, Towards the crescendo of the end. But Kronos, the prince of time, His daemon enslaved by eons, Whose essence is power, Is extinguished by its very absence, When time closes its cycles, Kronos shall fade into oblivion. The priests of Saturn, in their inner shrine, Withdraw and solemnly weigh destinies, Life, death, life — a terrestrial game!

To behold the hourglass's falling sand, Reflecting all beneath the lunar game, The tragedies, the laughter, The yearnings, murders, and loves, How can one not cast

a pensive gaze, And behold, impartial yet impassioned,
Something that stirs a knowing smile, “Ah, I too have
lived through that countless times,”
“Ah, I too am intimately acquainted with this.”

Animate the theater, for there is always more!
More for jealous gazes, curious mortals’ actions,
Somewhere lies a secret, Between tragedy and love’s
embrace, Which I have mastered, only to lose again. And
each time I forget to seek her star, I fall into the
observation of passing time, A prisoner of circumstances,
Assigned by the gods to guard the waters of time,
Married to Earth, while Ops remains my concubine, Rhea
fades amidst the collapsing waves of the sea, I can never
hold her long enough to be truly free!

Kronia

Kronia, descend in silent command,
Ruling over fates, life, and death;
Within the inner sanctums of sagacious emperors,
And these masters of the temple,
Chosen from the greatest minds,
Stout in heart, spirits impenetrable,
No sound trespasses the acidic storms,
The profane crushed upon their rings,
Their cadaverous souls adorn
The space betwixt the perimeter
And the masterly planet of lead and gold.

Ram's horns, stag's skulls,
Macabre dances of witches and sorcerers,
Beneath fallen kings and queens,
Unenlightened and untrue rulers;
As their tethered souls moan,
To the rhythms of Rhea's turns;
Above, the falcon-headed lord of twin horizons,
Dispenser of futures, guardian of pasts;
There, palace to palace, in gestures
Of noble gargantuan insight, one move
Suffices to set powers and forces in motion,
The righteous, the just, the wise.

Vampires of Saturn, custodians of dreams,
From darker, chthonic times, of Lethe and
The forgetfulness of phantoms, they regulate
The clocks, the slumber and awakening,
Igigi of Saturn, the select few masters,
Black-winged guides of death,
They arrive wherever you seek solace,
To scythe you down and claim your soul,
Leading it to the destined realm.

High above, the sacred golden stars,
Piercers, destroyers, if ever attained,
Beware of your steps, for that which cuts,
Shall demand its share of your soul's blood;
Law is entwined with power, as is lawlessness,
The justice of mortals bears no relevance to fates,
Do not invite poison into your life,
Or the machinery of titans shall ensnare you,
Oh pitiful tiny soul, within its relentless rotation,
And crush you like a snowflake
Under the weight of a Wotanic gaze of might.

Each year

Each year forsakes the other; The aged forget the youthful; As love's embers fade, we grow austere; As pains recede, we become didactic; As battles lost, we may grow rigid; If wise, let the stars pass judgment upon us. If foolish, we transform into aged clowns; If wise, we recall with clarity What the academy of morns and eves taught. And with each new day, we learn
To discern the treasures we gathered, Gazing upon moments gone by, An artful way to perceive the past,
To glimpse infinity and the seeds of future, The sacred dance of chaos and order, Transient yet enduring. Ask an elder what memories entail, If they are wise, they shall answer: "All that is lost, but revived by you, The things you once cherished. Observe them without passion or attachment, And they shall thrive in the realm of bygone days, A smile of understanding, guidance for the young."

Perhaps you possess greater experience, And your conduct is shaped by such, Your mind and heart's movements
Retain the wisdom of life's lessons, A heroism that commands remembrance, To carry that essence in a wise and weathered head. Fools easily forget, but tormented souls too, Fools never learned, the tormented must unlearn, To transmute the pain into a honeyed elixir,

To grind their teeth and gnaw through old, dry flesh—
Lead cannot be hastily turned into gold, Yet every substance has its price. It is the antithesis of forgetfulness,
That which aligns with truth, Carry the essence of your wisdom, Crones burdened by the weight of time,
Reminisce, reflect, scrutinize: Did you wish to forfeit the pearl of your life?
Or did you never find one?
Regret, oh regret!
Why did you toil and bleed?
Have some reverence for yourself!
Recall the wisdom, the sweat, and the tears, And the pain shall forget itself!

Lady Philosophy

The sage once uttered: "The fool craves
That his opinion may span the cosmos wide."
Thus a mischievous astrologer
Derails the stars' celestial paths.
A corrupt politician proclaims: "In God we trust,"
Yet truly means: "Obey me, you must."

A bigoted pope exclaims: "As above, so below,"
Signifying his own lost state.
The Gods do not harbor disgust,
Impassioned, monolithic, powers abound.
They execute the mores of destinies,
A wise Parmenidian adoxism at play,
Upheld by Plotinus' intellect.
Iamblichus and Sosipatra yearned to act,
Pitching Pythagorean scales
And transforming themselves into Lyre's melodies,
Playing "freedom" upon Apollo's scale.

Yet the cry-wolf monkey-men persist,
Bearing curses of Lucretius and Epicurus,
Stubborn in their ways,
In billions of words claiming: "Heaven aspires to be like us."
A sage gazes into the stars,

Into the ceaseless tapestry of fate,
Hour-like and interrupted,
He proclaims to all ears, minds, souls, and hearts:
"Beware, beware, insane monkey-men,
Grave consequences of catastrophes loom."

Their mouths retort: "We are perfect as we are,
Heaven resembles us,
All is as it should be, as it always was.
Do you call it vanity?
Let us do as we please! Let us be!"

Lady Philosophy conceals herself in poverty's cloak,
Athena-like, she withdraws from Earth,
Adorning Damascius' head with a wreath of Asphodels,
Saying: "They have reduced me to a domestic role,
I shall return to my thrones
When the Christians brand me a devilish she,
And turn Gods into demons to forbid.
The powers shall fracture their souls into shades,
As we revel in victory and remorse,
Breaking the paths of their own course.
They presume to know the ways of the heavens,
Let them submit to the occult machinery,
And take a chosen few to the eternal dance,
For we have always embraced men and women of excellence."

Shadows" feast

Lengthy are the shades
Beyond death's abyss,
Lengthy are their tales
Never fully heard.
Like those who slumber,
Never to weep again, my companion,
Theirs is profundity, declaring:
"Life is fleeting, life's chasm,
No more love's joys, laughter's play—
The nevermore of an aged, weary man's tale."

Those who understand life well,
Their stories entombed
Beneath countless earthly graves,
Long deprived of malice.
Silence is the key
To withhold violence against
Their profound, somber souls.
Some wander from place to place,
Seeking what eludes them,
A shard of semblance from their past,
Perhaps another mission, another aim,
To fulfill their will's inclination.

Mortals, mere puppets,

Dancing to the theater's mechanized whims,
Curious to witness
How their own movements
Are mortified through repetitive cruelty.
Those who dwell in their shells or craft
Their own stories, inscribe themselves
Into the realm of the deceased—
Their works a Thessalian craftsmanship,
Yearning to gather strength within the shadows.
Remember Achilles' words:
"Better to be a servant among Gods,
Than a king in the realm of shadows."

Within their vacant eyes, your life reflects,
Through the visages of the living.
At times, they manifest,
Watching me through my eyes and yours.
I perceive the shades,
Chthonic and manifold—
Humans are not the sole beings present.

Those bound by malice or vice,
Those bound by virtue and noble nature,
If only their souls and stars were united and whole.
Sooner shall your rituals capture
The attention of chthonic dogs than Gods.
Sooner shall illusions stir suspicion
In the demonic swamps and marshes,
Than in the celestial realms.
Earth has become a morass of perceptions,
Days filled with myriad calls and scarce receptions,

More deranged and deluded than wise men and sages.

Shades incline toward silence,
Whispering in black tongues,
Their gestures an enigmatic exchange.
Master the language of silence,
And you shall be as a deity,
Conversing with the deceased, demons, and Gods.
Whether they possess more vitality,
As the Dionysian dictum states:
"The dead govern the living"—
It is up to them to shape your destiny.

Hush now, they move swifter than thought,
Reading your skin and minds,
Extracting stories of your existence,
In an eerie game of hide and seek,
Collecting the nectar of your dreams.
Dispute all you wish with the realities
That mystics' eyes perceive.
Your minds embark on countless paths,
Yet truth remains elusive,
Certainties are born of experience,
Shattering deceptions, a mercy from the other side.
If they deem you worthy of witnessing
The horrendous truth,
They shall unveil the worn-out eyes,
Unravel the curses upon your mind and intellect,
As I released an ancient curse,
And embarked on an alchemical wedding
With the stars and transcendent worlds.

Yet, still I am ensnared as an abyss in flesh,
My spirit attests—
I have observed them for years,
Sometimes tormenting my mind and flesh.
But what does not shatter you becomes your ally.
Do not rest on laurels' bound wreaths,
Command the respect bestowed upon you.
Trust is a delicate thing,
Lengthy are the days of scrutiny,
Lengthy are the nights of miserly companionship,
And lengthy are the shadows you shall leave behind,
If you have truly lived,
Like monoliths towering over the Earth,
For the grandest lives are the grandest shades.

Hekate Soteria

Key of virtue, pour forth the soul, gateway opener,
Chaser with demon-dogs, Artemis, nekroi's archeress,
Blessing purified souls, colors of divine fire,
Red, white, black, encompassing ethereal desire.

When lions roared through chaotic Tartarus' domain,
Formless and eyeless chaos, marked me with Saturnine stain,
Clad in niger cloak, a spirit devoid of a soul,
Thou, the first to reveal shadows to the seer, the ultimate goal.

Isis, after trials, unveiled the realms divine,
Serpent of Eileithyia adorning my neck, a sacred sign,
Ascending from water into the embrace of the divine,
Mithraic cross upon my forehead, Helios and Magna Mater align.

With Muses' thunderous whispers, freedom is proclaimed,
The mask of Hekate shown to the child, the tormented, unnamed,
For the profane, she becomes a swirling maelstrom's dread,
Casting them into ignorance, where all is misunderstood and misread.

Gods are seen in the sky, stars, heart, and intellect's height,
They manifest in pain, love, in mystes' observant sight,
If a chalice of heroic life is not coined, imagine,
How shall ambrosia fill the wine, poured by the immortal legion?

Great Gods do not appear as chthonic deceptive allure,
When thou shut thine eyes, in dreams obscure,
Nor as simulacra and nightmares that torment some,
In shadow's terror, grasp the golden thread, follow the silver, overcome.

Propitiate the dead, befriend the better part in demons' embrace,
Seek protection from the volatile, combustible face,
In apotropaic theurgy, honor her with delight,
Isis shall guide thy path, when the ordeals take flight.

Hekate, opener of cosmic gateways vast,
If thy desire truly is to cast away the unworthy, the earthly, the outcast,
Leave it to be devoured by the howling ones, with their might,
Embrace the divine, transcend the undivine, in cosmic light.

How magick works

Fates entangle fates, thou deceived in mortal's crescent,
In opposition or on Heimarmene's celestial wheels sent,
Forces flow in order by symbols of the world's design,
Seek thy will in stillness and immersion, a state divine.
Every move conditioned by co-arising causality's sway,
Thou art but a catalyst, self-grasping leads astray. Godly magicians are but dolls, skilled in their pitch, To the highest immortals, melodies they bewitch, Yet they are made to serve and revel in creations few, When they assert their will, on a fanatical track they pursue. The rest of humankind, their fortunes governed by events' flashes, Good decisions a gift from greater fates, as destiny clashes. What difference does it make, in a tamas-clouded mind, Scarcely capable of fresh moves, so confined? Freedom lies in shedding coercion's weight, Embracing this circus of force, with responsibility innate.
Understand the paradox, freedom and bound in a dance,
The currents of events, weaving knots in circumstance,
Once I blamed my enemies, now hapless victims they seem, In ignorance, mistaking 'I' for 'them' in a dream,
Whirlwinds of illusion, masquerade of the spinner's game,
Each with voice, choice, and chance, to assert their claim,
'Tis the fleeting moment of reality, within mortal shell's strife, Do not bring poison into healing, above the Styx, make a wise life. As if thou couldst prevent aught,

decisions above the Styx made, “Character sows fates,” and fates sow character’s shade, Perhaps after countless psychic wars fought in time, I no longer believe in free will, an overpowering paradigm, Chastisement of forces, controlling minds in their reign, And the belief remains for those who never break free from the mundane. “It is I, it is mine, I did, I will,” self-love rewards the vain, One boasts wealth, another fame, courage’s fleeting gain, Mere vanity, indeed!
Yet, yet!
Free will is a hidden delusion, a rebellion’s plea, A flicker in thy mind, a ghost of identity, Shared by all, like nature’s tapestry, I shall not lecture the unaware, if freedom brings them glee. Millions cried, “Free will!” under the ruthless invisible hand, Who has seen the usurper that controls one’s command, One on a throne, another in a forgotten grave, Does it matter? Perhaps not, a life’s purpose to save, One in Lethe’s muddy river, the other a fortunate king, Whatever thou dost, live bravely, nobly, strength’s anthem to sing. Well, I did not write this, my fates did decree, And if it changes thee, it was their desire, not from me. What is a Deity? One with force, will, and mystery untold, Through this, thy ethos and spirit into action unfold, But it is not thy will alone that shapes destiny’s call, A harmony of spheres, unveiling ascension or fall, Leading one to ponder lesser, hellish fates, Not to overvalue one’s own, elevated by Tyche’s gentle whispers, “Don’t mortify life, express it as thou may and art to be.”

The Sage

The dancer extended his arms wide,
In slow movements, the holy trance did abide,
Flashes of events danced upon his hands,
Firmly he stood, while his soul took flight, it lands.

Invoking great forces from dreams of yore,
Seated on a pillow, his hands gently restore,
The dancer pondered, his temple a realm,
Where worlds swirled and twirled, in a mystical helm.

Immovable as a mountain, rooted deep,
Yet the dance continued, a rhythm to keep,
He spoke in tongues unknown, ancient and true,
Of the ties between Earth, Men, and the celestial crew.

He seduced the Gods into remembering days,
When promises were made, in historical displays,
He reminded them of transience and grace,
That once moved the wise hearts in every place.

With a sorrowful song, he chanted the tale,
Of beginnings and endings, lives that prevail,
A dance far removed from forgetfulness and pain,
Where souls suffocate and healing is in vain.

As his song turned to ashes, slow and serene,
He repeated a syllable, his knowledge pristine,
Resonating like a lullaby, soft and low,
Until only a hushed shadow could truly know.

Compassion resides here, a stout heart there,
His head shining brightly, a celestial affair,
The black man of Saturn met his mighty horns,
Charging against an enemy with no soul to mourn.

Shades of the deceased bowed to his might,
Demons treated him like a child of light,
They danced in understanding of this sacred rite,
A moment of eminence, profound and bright.

The lullaby for a child, with hands so small,
Unaware of futures and fortunes that befall,
All worlds subject to compassion's decree,
Bound by motions they can't set themselves free.

If the dancer could reside within the song,
Enchanting the many with a hushed word strong,
Ah, mere gestures, for in the end he remained,
An adult singing and dancing for the child
unrestrained.

As the rite drew to a close, a winged muse drew near,
Kissing his cheek and whispering in his ear,
Sacred things are best uttered in silence's fold,
They transform into ideas, shining bright and bold.

A fading cosmic diary, of movements gone by,
A memory of dance, a celestial lullaby.

Hypophet

In disciplined ratios, notions entwined, Mystical signs within
minds enshrined, Hegemon in psyche, psyche in mind,
Kybele's Fountain, a mystery defined. Unveiling the
world, breaking the seals, Man-made lockpicks and
winding trails, Hekate's Priestesses hold the keys, Only
hypophets perceive what lies beneath. The castaways find
invitation within, Rarely do they see both out and in,
Bridging the realms, a daunting task, Thrown into chaos,
a delusion unmasked. To extract nectar from cosmic
disarray, In crone's motion, wisdom's fleeting ray?
Nay, the order of physical domain, A profound fury,
Physis' reign. Strength and shrewdness, victory's call,
Dragons harnessed, one united thrall, Climbing the
ladders, ascending high, Seeking the harmonies,
enthroned in the sky. Rynies battle for their own desires,
While Tartarus winds roar, stoking fires, Gigantomachy,
a struggle profound, Understanding the veil, not easily
found. Isis' cloth remains, concealing the truth,
A philosophical gesture, pregnant with clues, Hush!
Abysmal silences of ideas unfold, A demonstration of the
world, to the Divine Fires bold. In the alchemical travail,
nothing's known, Without praxis, true transformation is
shown.

Dragon Queen

Virtues drawn from starry skies so high,
Incorruptible, as steel that gleams with light,
Kin to both slaying's order and mercy's grace,
Iustitia and Aletheia, fair and bright,
Artemis, adorned with Aphrodite's charms,
A huntress, capturing hearts, a leader of men,
With just power that springs from many a heart.

In magic's realm, Hekate holds her sway,
Medean-Circe, skilled in Thessalian craft,
Binding souls of the corrupted and lost,
Transforming swine to swine, gods into gods,
From lowly to majestic, petty to great,
Raising her chosen ministers in their stead.

Wise as Semiramis, graceful as Amytis,
In teachings, Hypatia, in force, Sosipatra,
Chastiser of the Serpent tribes, her might,
Born of Shamash, blessed by Sekhmet's fire,
A learned prophetess, a hypophet,
Who raises temples to the rightful gods,
Reading the hearts of stars, nature, and men.

Aegis shield and Horus' scepter-sword she bears,
Innocence, like white birch, and herbs arcane,

Serpent-tongued, with a lion's head, she rules,
Commanding with ease those who heed her call,
To whom love of people shines like pure gold,
And vanity's circus holds naught but disdain,
Fame spreads the nobility of similitude,
And benevolence's radiance, ever bright!

Natural, genuine, flawless in her ways,
Ancients, assemble! The queen has arrived!
Raise high the banners, black and yellow intertwined,
The black dragon of Earth and Sun in harmony.

In concord and peace, they now reside,
Hell's obedience extends to Tartarus' depths,
As Dharma's wheels reach the darkest abyss,
And at long last, on Earth, something of worth,
That stirs the noble heart of Hyperion,
As gods gather, marveling at their dream,
That man and woman discover their true selves.

In heroic freedom, by their own consent,
They find their place, in each other's embrace,
Within Earth's majesty, 'midst Dragon thrones,
Laureled with beauty in Saturn's sovereign reign.

Yet in all this, I am glad she was not born,
By nature or by nurture, let it be known,
For this world would surely twist and turn,
Transforming her into yet another whore.

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Who is right?

Some in ignorance find solace and bliss, While others shape their world with words amiss, Conquerors of visions and their own creation, Yet some lament the fallen age's desolation. But who is truly right amidst this strife? Those with keen sight, expanding the scope of life, Those who unravel the mountains of causality, Peering into hearts and minds with clarity. They see the consequences that the future holds, And view the knots of events as time unfolds, Their resolute hearts unwavering and strong, Amidst the chaos, they persist, never wrong. Perspective, a cocoon that shapes one's view, Some ignorant, nestled in their blissful hue, Others practical, following their own way, While some act in defiance of the fallen day. Torn by anguish, nerves shattered and frayed, They witness all times, present and decayed, But their efforts seem futile, their actions in vain, As yet another night slips away, devoid of gain. Silently fading like memories in retreat, They hold onto their visions, their protest complete, Crazy old fools, their purpose oft unclear, Ignorant march onward, devoid of fear. Practical souls pursue their aims without strife, "It's not so bad," they say, living their life, Does it matter, they question, in the grand scheme?

Crazy old fools, marching closer to death's gleam. The soul, the idea, imprisoned and confined, No longer

soaring above, but lagging behind, Lost in the crowd, disenchanted their gaze, Seeking connection in a world that's a maze. Crazy old fools, heroic gestures they show, But nothing is accomplished as they fade and go, The few who truly see and comprehend, As time marches on, their influence wanes and bends. And so they fade, and so they fade away, Amidst the passing times, where few truths stay, Their voices diminish, their echoes grow faint, As the world moves on, their wisdom's restraint.

Mastership

This simian vessel, an occult forge of might,
Blacksmiths shaping souls and stars in the night,
Engaged in the true labor, our purpose unfurled,
As the hammer molds character, a transformative world.

Reason, gifted creature, kin to the soul of Earth,
In self-reflection, we find wisdom's rebirth,
Yet countless perish amidst their own inner hells,
In shadows they dwell, where despair dwells and swells.

But a few dare to climb the Ur-Heimatic Ziggurat's peak,
Where deep laws of hidden machinery doth speak,
This world was not made solely for mortal kin,
Nor does it offer mercy to ease our every sin.

Do not presume readiness until your mortal frame,
Withers away, yet still gives rise to a celestial flame.
I care naught for others and their sorry affairs,
They betray one another, lost in this solemn despair.

My concern lies in my ascent, an affirmative rise,
Following Ariadne's thread, so thin and so wise.
The gods, lesser vehicles, guide along the way,
Yet fools may mock, their understanding astray.

With falcon sight, I survey the graves down below,
Time shall consume them, as its relentless currents flow.
Yours is the path, to be a master unto yourself,
No other can perform your sacred rites with stealth.

Some may point the way, with intentions pure,
But they shall not open the gates, be sure.

Magoi

We stand with the players who portray our existence,
Unconcerned with victors or villains' persistence,
Nor with the modern doctrine of who tramples on whom.
Rather, we witness the intricate dance of bitterness,
Claws and fangs biting into themselves, mirrored strife,
Reflecting the trials we have lived through in life.

Rare souls, though small, stand as towering monoliths,
Shaming envious eyes with their resilient spirit's bliss.
So we hide and don our masks as we age and forget,
Our natures wane, losing strength, regrets beset.
Some grow vicious, others melancholic and sad,
Some wrathful, resentful, some laughably mad,
With a misaligned cold grimace upon their face,
Time has never blessed wise jesters like us with grace.

A beggar who stands tall, like a giant he appears,
Noble in his thoughts, his mind, his heart, his tears,
Is equal to emperors in the eyes of celestial spheres,
For wreaths of laurels adorn his crown, quelling fears.
He has conquered, this noble son, nature's great gift,
Invincible glory forever engraved in his spirit, adrift,
Despite the daily mud that covers his mind and heart,
Blinded by the question, "Did it happen? Was it art?"

Earth's status is but a mere theater stage, a facade,
Were you tossed like a doll in misery's rampage,
Or elevated above the rest, a mere trifle thing?
Petty enemies demand angrily, "Why? What's your king?"
They cannot match our lives, for we have already lived,
Knowing the victories won and the losses weaved,
Their sentiments derive from derivative "this and that,"
While their mirrors reflect nothing but swine's chitchat.

We soar on carrion wings, above them we tower,
Holding a small cup of coins for Charon, the ferryman's power,
As they fall, unnoticed, to the passing crowd's disdain,
Our stories believeth only within ourselves, in our domain,
Buried greatness within, deep within our vaulted souls,
Charging forward countless times, enduring countless tolls.
What of that, what of that, as I reflect on history's page?
Elam's Ziggurats raised and razed, glory turned to rage.

Whole empires lost, as I lost my beloved wife and daughters,
In this barren dust, Oman Khayyam found reflection of kings and waters,
We were loved by queens, yet all joined the same fate of dust,
My eyes mirror Caduceus rods and Laurels, a crown of trust.
Compassion of the great, the movement of my own life's play,

Heroically, simply, what else shall the senses convey?
We seek acquaintance with genius akin to our own,
Merodach-Baladan conquered Babylon thrice, to be overthrown.

As dragon-banners hung in the skies, broken silent yell,
Gathering remnants under my flag, loyal wings did swell,
To them I cry with hate and wrath, a helpless voice's plea,
Until silenced, mortified, dry, painless throat-twist decree.
Wretches invited to thrust another dagger's sting,
Under my wrinkled skin, causing suffering's zing.
My flesh torn, yet my shadow-soul stands tall and proud,
Encompassing my life, releasing heavenly phoenixes, avowed.

With my thrice-immortalized heart, I unleash their flight,
Resplendent moments sown, a call resounding with might,
Kheperu Kheperu, scarab toils within hearts' fray,
The turmoil, the dissenting rage, artists preserve, convey.
Yet in the feud of fates, they extinguish

Sybylline Coin

My dream manifests as a profound monolith,
Engraved with gargantuan wisdom's script,
A great Temple of the universe's expanse,
Abode of pondering and ethereal grace,
A watchtower in solitary, iron-heavy pace,
My dream embodies stillness, thoughts in motion,

Like forests, like cosmic Aethyrs' devotion,
Rolling thunderously through the fabric of all,
My dream yearns for an un-present being's call,
Where unity of comradeship is profound,
Fleshless, passionless, steady and keen,
Like the final whip crack or sword's sharp sheen.

My dream envisions ruler-ships that bind,
Diverse forces and powers in harmony aligned,
Into an Elysian song of celestial accord,
And by a gesture's command, as birds' wings toward,
My dream echoes the Buddhist's solemn chant,
Turning the Dharmic wheel, wise and enchant,
With Hypophets and High Priests as guides,
Artfully singing, their harmonies collide.

My dream unveils threads of golden divinity,
Beyond the human realm, in cosmic affinity,

Touching and enriching the fabric of the whole,
A symphony of sexes on dragon wings unfold,
Alchemy merging them into celestial stars,
Unified in oneness, no boundaries, no bars,
For in unity, all finds lasting completion,
A conjured perfection, a symphonic rendition.

My dream ascends to a grand apotheosis,
Where all is rectified into noble purpose,
Where everything bears meaning and worth,
And turmoil and pain dissolve in rebirth,
To my dream's sanctuary, I shall retreat,
Where Akh-bird Phoenix soars, my heart's beat,
Within the great godbody, truth is found,
As Protean motions on Earth confound.

Thrown into decomposition, I shall remain,
Without the beloved ratio, I'm but a fragment,
What I dream and what I see, worlds apart,
While others dream their own mind's counterpart,
Yet, in the realm of my dream, I am present,
Among the Salian dancers, eternally pleasant.

Tear of a Dragon

Nature, in its subtle guise, prefers to hide, Behind the terror
of primordial oceans, Akin to a planet's forging, devoid
of cosmic space, Scorn punishes the scorner—
Why do we embody demons in this age?

Who crafted mirrors for monkeys to self-reflect,
To capture the pristine force within senses, Transience
and woe entwined?
Behind nature's restless motions, Primordial evil conceals
itself, A pretty lady to the ignorant, Exposing tormenting
claws. When you delve into the depths, Your will becomes
an adversary, Better to be a howling animal, Than a self-
reflecting cognoscente, What is the secret of pristine
Elysium?
That man may be a civilized beast, What sets apart
a swine from a noble demi-god
Residing within mortal flesh?

I beseech you — unearth the origin, To retrace your steps
through atavistic realms, Regaining the memories of the
Odyssey. Shells and blindfolds descend upon the soul,
Caught amidst the lashes of darkness, And chains
of nameless slavery's realm. It is not a devil I seek, Nor the
chaotic fires of the universe, I penetrate the occult laws
with precision, Of life, matter, spirit, and evolution,

"What of that?!" I cry out, And the only descent is the fall
of humanity, I merely weep for an answer: "When will
this terror end? When?"

I prefer to see the world through nature's lens, Discerning
the decayed minds, hearts, and souls, For I too suffer!
From a eudaimonic kin, somewhere else, Somewhere
beyond. Perhaps I shall whisper a Hindi-sounding cry,
Upon the wind, a sigh, a mournful chant: "Oh, bitter
land, destined to crumble, Shadows of bygone times,
I console you now, Here I stand, amidst turbulent storms,
An army of broken, lifeless billions of souls, Pitch-black
death, like little figurines, Once scheming against each
other, Not even a trace of their million-year-old
bitterness, Of 'we should, we shouldn't, we know.'
You don't recognize or understand, Apep is silent,
destruction complete, The world rests, yet my song
of solace
Mutes the thunder, and quietly perseveres."

Lararia of Mothers

And on a humble day, Polysena's birth,
Dragons' lineage etched within her heart,
Sacred witches' blood flowing through time,
Resting upon the serpent crowns of Solar Ureus.

This blood, mingled with wisdom's tearful torment,
An intuition shared, a sacred chalice,
The primordial wilderness trod upon
The flesh of mammoths, the migration
Of countless abysses, across lands and seas,
With infinite wells of the past, a single cry resounds,
Weaving its threads upon her skin,
Histories follow, each novel in nature's house,
Under the sun, moon, and stars.

May she be a Babylonian priestess,
An artificeress of the Harranian Moon God,
A Syriac sorceress, an Egyptian Rudjeret,
Hekate's Thessalian Artemis, the Hierophantess of Kore,
The Regina of the Jupiterian Flame,
Through them, she as generatrix weaves her soul,
Through countless tribes, amidst worlds of fire,
Chthonic, aerial, and divine.

What fragments of flesh and soul have you received?

I have shielded my old sisters, lovers, daughters,
Wives, and ancient mothers for far too long,
They spin the cosmic axes with their Kronian woes,
I was there at the Harrying of the North,
Massacres were a pure delight, a war born of Mars,
Sparing no man, child, woman—they rise in vengeance,
A man murdered by my sword asked in my present life,
"Would you drink our blood again?"—I replied:
"Animal husbandry would be a better fate."

The eagle betrayed its serpent friend,
Shamash tore his wings asunder,
The serpent's daughters and sons were slain,
The last dragons make their return to the stars.
What shall we do? The final remnants of our kin
Turn against this new world with disdain.

I stand, reflecting upon my perfected magical child,
A new Hathor, a golden goddess Magnum Opus,
She turned against the wretched being I had become,
For lost nobility scorns deeply, bitterly, and aged.
Did I hate her for her pure perfection,
Or that composition in yellow robes,
My creation surpassed me,
With her perfectly brilliant soul.

Now, in my solitary hours, I possess secrets and labors,
That I do admire! My children hate me—true!
Devastating offspring of a despairing affirmation.
Yet, I am a Midas of great enterprise,
Foundations erected, aiming too high,

The golden-touched man belittled entirely.
My intent was pure, to offer gifts,
Before the thieves arrived and claimed all
That was meant for them.

Yellow-clad queens—hmph, a passing fashion,
Admiring my daughter-child,
All returned to unworthy, petty concerns,
I remain as I am—a weary man,
A professor emeritus, Mephisto and Faust,
Doctor of heavenly and hellish realms.
Put the bedtime story to rest,
Mnemosyne doesn't reward cowards,
But curses the heroized in life,
So that their lives may be posthumously epitomized,
Not in the Earth's song, but somewhere far away and high above.

Heroi

In positions of power, the true power lies
Within oneself, not over others' fates.
Mastery takes two paths, both sage and bold,
To embrace and command, understanding deep,
Knowing the causes, conditions, and growth,
Observing the wheel of fortunes as they turn,
Rising and falling, repeating in cycles,
Perceiving the eternal and interrupted time.

To let the powers unite in harmony,
Their voices singing a tranquil paean.
To judge the effects, detached and clear,
Influencing minds, hearts, and souls.
Drawing motions and laws from nature's realm,
From human worlds, generative and divine,
Through circuits of time and celestial spheres,
Training senses, mind, and spirit high,
To carry illuminating insight within,
Not through mere words or deeds alone,
But borne on divine wings, traversing the globe.

Wisdom's realization is carried forth,
By countless spirits, myriad words and thoughts.
And so it is with ideas, thoughts, words, and deeds,
A foolish sentence, repeated countless times,

Do I need to mention what lies in most minds?
Yet, on the fool's lips, it is swiftly cut short,
Though some infants of power ensnare the minds,
Their cacophony of dishonest words and deeds,
They shall not be crowned by dignified spirits,
Nor will their masks of deception find favor.

These infants in power, childish mercenaries,
Weilding a dangerous sword, barely knowing themselves,
How can they grasp the essence of true wisdom?
They evoke hate or reverence, following or distaste,
The gusto of many, yet few shall displace them.
Like flags of partisanship and self-interest,
They deal damage thoughtlessly, like cruel children.

Easy come, easy go, I am no wise man,
Yet I bear wreaths of laurels and crowns,
Perhaps from simple recognition of what was,
To be a philosopher in days long past,
Honest and ruthless in humaneness,
Lost and imprecise, I dare say,
I am a true human being, a rarity indeed,
Boldly I claim, "I have lived a dragon's fate,
And overcame mortal's share, taking stories
To the grave, believable only to myself,
No other living human being!

But I am not alone, for we come and go,
As the pages of history continue to turn."

Gods in earthly exile, interrupted

She named my beauty cinders, land laid waste,
As I retreated, silent, from her sacred touch,
Beneath my own fierce fires, black as night,
Still, with trembling questions, life slipping away.

Cold, sensuous kisses from gods long dead,
We conjure more love than the living dare,
In spasms of ghosts, drunk with luxury's hold,
Here we join, and here, we forever endure.

We shape our understanding into silent moves,
But no Amytis roams those newly bloomed gardens,
No Nebuchadnezzar rallies armies, desolate and despairing,
We walked through closed gates of the troubled minds,
Witnessed madness's pain, senses in disarray,
Drank remnants of nectar from true gods' feasts,
Yet find healing in gazing upon our suspended souls,
Within the dark womb of the world's slow embrace.

Let it go, let it go! As she slumbers, the dagger's point
Aims toward the depths of hell, its grip firm,
Index finger extended, reaching for the stars,
As blood seeps into the underworld, a gift of retribution,
To liberate us, to set us free from all that rends us,
Hates us, from all we cherished, sweating, toiling, bleeding,

Against the tides that surge like waves of human suffering.

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